THE
POETICAL, DRAMATIC,
AND
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF
JOHN GAY.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

DR. JOHNSON'S

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL PREFACE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH,

CONTAINING

PLAYS AND ESSAYS.

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POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE STORY OF ACHELOUS and HERCULES,

AND SEVERAL OTHERS

From BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

THESEUS, *returning from a great Hunting Match in* Calydon, *is ſtopped from proceeding by the overflowing of the River* Acheloüs.——*The God of the Stream courteouſly invites him into his Cave, where they paſs the Time in diſcourſing of various Metamorphoſes. At laſt, to prove*

the Poſſibility of ſuch Changes, he aſſerts that he has himſelf the Power of varying his Form within certain Limitations, among which he mentions his having loſt one of his Horns when in the Shape of a Bull; and this gives Riſe to the following Story.

THESEUS requeſts the God to tell his woes,
Whence his maim'd brow, and whence his groans aroſe?
When thus the *Calydonian* Stream reply'd
With twining reeds his careleſs treſſes ty'd:
Ungrateful is the tale; for who can bear,
When conquer'd, to rehearſe the ſhameful war?
Yet I'll the melancholy ſtory trace;
So great a Conqu'ror ſoftens the diſgrace:
Nor was it ſtill ſo mean the prize to yield,
As great and glorious to diſpute the field.

Perhaps you've heard of *Dëianira*'s name,
For all the country ſpoke her beauty's fame.
Long was the nymph by num'rous ſuitors woo'd,
Each with addreſs his envy'd hopes purſu'd:
I join'd the loving band; to gain the fair,
Reveal'd my paſſion to her father's ear.

Their

Their vain pretenſions all the reſt reſign,
Alcides only ſtrove to equal mine;
He boaſts his birth from *Jove*, recounts his ſpoils,
His ſtep-dame's hate ſubdu'd, and finiſh'd toils.

Can mortals then, (ſaid I) with gods compare?
Behold a god; mine is the watry care:
Through your wide realms I take my mazy way,
Branch into ſtreams, and o'er the region ſtray:
No foreign gueſt your daughter's charms adores,
But one who riſes in your native ſhores.
Let not his puniſhment your pity move;
Is *Juno*'s hate an argument for love?
Though you your life from fair *Alcmena* drew,
Jove's a feign'd father, or by fraud a true.
Chooſe then; confeſs thy mother's honour loſt,
Or thy deſcent from *Jove* no longer boaſt.

While thus I ſpoke, he look'd with ſtern diſdain,
Nor could the ſallies of his wrath reſtrain,
Which thus broke forth. This arm decides our right:
Vanquiſh in words: be mine the prize in fight!

Bold he ruſh'd on. My honour to maintain,
I fling my verdant garments on the plain,

My arms ſtretch forth, my pliant limbs prepare,
And with bent hands expect the furious war.
O'er my ſleek ſkin now gather'd duſt he throws,
And yellow ſand his mighty muſcles ſtrows.
Oft he my neck, and nimble legs aſſails,
He ſeems to graſp me, but as often fails,
Each part he now invades with eager hand;
Safe in my bulk, immoveable I ſtand.
So when loud ſtorms break high, and foam and roar
Againſt ſome mole that ſtretches from the ſhore;
The firm foundation laſting tempeſts braves,
Defies the warring winds, and driving waves.

Awhile we breathe, then forward ruſh amain,
Renew the combat, and our ground maintain;
Foot ſtrove with foot, I prone extend my breaſt,
Hands war with hands, and forehead forehead preſs'd.
Thus have I ſeen two furious bulls engage,
Inflam'd with equal love, and equal rage;
Each claims the faireſt heifer of the grove,
And conqueſt only can decide their love:
The trembling herds ſurvey the fight from far,
'Till victory decides th' important war.

Three times in vain he ſtrove my joints to wreſt;
To force my hold, and throw me from his breaſt;
The fourth he broke my gripe, that claſp'd him round,
Then with new force he ſtretch'd me on the ground;
Cloſe to my back the mighty burden clung,
As if a mountain o'er my limbs were flung.

Believe my tale; nor do I, boaſtful, aim
By feign'd narration to extol my fame.
No ſooner from his graſp I freedom get,
Unlock my arms, that flow'd with trickling ſweat,
But quick he ſeiz'd me, and renew'd the ſtrife,
As my exhauſted boſom pants for life:
My neck he gripes, my knee to earth he ſtrains;
I fall, and bite the ſand with ſhame, and pains.

O'er-match'd in ſtrength, to wiles, and arts I take,
And ſlip his hold, in form of ſpeckled ſnake;
Who, when I wreath'd in ſpires my body round,
Or ſhew'd my forky tongue with hiſſing ſound,
Smiles at my threats. Such foes my cradle knew,
He cries, dire ſnakes my infant hand o'erthrew;
A dragon's form might other conqueſts gain,
To war with me you take that ſhape in vain.

Art thou proportion'd to the *Hydra*'s length,
Who by his wounds receiv'd augmented ſtrength?
He rais'd a hundred hiſſing heads in air;
When one I lopp'd, up-ſprung a dreadful pair.
By his wounds fertile, and with ſlaughter ſtrong,
Singly I quell'd him, and ſtretch'd dead along.
What canſt thou do, a form precarious, prone,
To rouſe my rage with terrors not thy own?
He ſaid; and round my neck his hands he caſt,
And with his ſtraining fingers wrung me faſt:
My throat he tortur'd, cloſe as pincers claſp,
In vain I ſtrove to looſe the forceful graſp.

Thus vanquiſh'd too, a third form ſtill remains,
Chang'd to a bull, my lowing fills the plains.
Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
Upon my brindled neck, and tugg'd it down;
Then deep he ſtruck my horn into the ſand,
And fell'd my bulk along the duſty land.
Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and ſcorn,
From my maim'd front he tore the ſtubborn horn;
This, heap'd with flow'rs, and fruits, the *Naiads* bear,
Sacred to plenty, and the bounteous year.

He ſpoke; when lo, a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt like *Diana*'s train, with flowing hairs;
The horn ſhe brings in which all autumn's ſtor'd,
And ruddy apples for the ſecond board.

Now morn begins to dawn, the ſun's bright fire
Gilds the high mountains, and the youths retire;
Nor ſtay'd they, 'till the troubled ſtream ſubſides,
And in its bounds with peaceful current glides.
But *Acheloüs* in his oozy bed
Deep hides his brow deform'd, and ruſtic head:
No real wound the victor's triumph ſhew'd,
But his loſt honours griev'd the watry god;
Yet ev'n that loſs the willow's leaves o'erſpread,
And verdant reeds, in garlands, bind his head.

THE DEATH OF NESSUS, THE CENTAUR.

THIS virgin too, thy love, O *Neſſus*, found,
To her alone you owe the fatal wound.
As the ſtrong ſon of *Jove* his bride conveys,
Where his paternal lands their bulwarks raiſe;
Where from her ſlopy urn *Evenus* pours
Her rapid current, ſwell'd by wintry ſhow'rs,
He came. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide,
And the deep rolling waves all paſs deny'd
As for himſelf, he ſtood unmov'd by fears,
For now his bridal charge employ'd his cares.
The ſtrong-limb'd *Neſſus* thus officious cry'd,
(For he the ſhallows of the ſtream had try'd)

Swim

Swim thou, *Alcides*, all thy ſtrength prepare,
On yonder bank I'll lodge thy nuptial care.

Th' *Aonian* chief to *Neſſus* truſts his wife,
All pale, and trembling for her hero's life:
Cloth'd as he ſtood in the fierce lion's hide,
The laden quiver o'er his ſhoulder ty'd,
(For croſs the ſtream his bow and club were caſt)
Swift he plung'd in; theſe billows ſhall be paſs'd.

He ſaid, nor ſought where ſmoother waters glide
But ſtem'd the rapid dangers of the tide.
The bank he reach'd; again the bow he bears;
When, hark! his bride's known voice alarms his ears.
Neſſus, to thee I call (aloud he cries)
Vain is thy truſt in flight, be timely wiſe:
Thou monſter double-ſhap'd, my right ſet free:
If thou no rev'rence owe my fame and me,
Yet kindred ſhould thy lawleſs luſt deny.
Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly,
Tho' wing'd with horſe's ſpeed; wounds ſhall purſue:
Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew:
The *Centaur*'s back admits the feather'd wood,
And thro' his breaſt the barbed weapon ſtood;

Which

Which when, in anguiſh, thro' the fleſh he tore,
From both the wounds guſh'd forth the ſpumy gore
Mix'd with *Lærnean* venom; this he took,
Nor dire revenge his dying breaſt forſook.
His garment, in the reeking purple dy'd,
To rouſe love's paſſion, he preſents the bride.

THE DEATH OF HERCULES.

NOW a long interval of time ſucceeds,
When the great ſon of *Jove*'s immortal deeds,
And ſtep-dame's hate, had fill'd earth's utmoſt round;
He from *OEchalia*, with new laurels crown'd,
In triumph was return'd. He rites prepares,
And to the king of gods directs his pray'rs;
When fame (who falſhood clothes in truth's diſguiſe,
And ſwells her little Bulk with growing lyes)
The tender ear, O *Deianira*, mov'd,
That *Hercules* the fair *Iole* lov'd.

Her love believes the tale; the truth ſhe fears
Of his new paſſion, and gives way to tears.
The flowing tears diffus'd her wretched grief,
Why ſeek I thus, from ſtreaming eyes, relief?
She cries; indulge not thus theſe fruitleſs Cares,
The harlot will but triumph in thy tears:
Let ſomething be reſolv'd, while yet there's time;
My bed not conſcious of a rival's crime.
In ſilence ſhall I mourn, or loud complain?
Shall I ſeek *Calydon*, or here remain?
What tho' ally'd to *Meleager*'s fame,
I boaſt the honours of a ſiſter's name?
My wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to purſue
Some deſp'rate deed, by which the world ſhall view
How far revenge, and woman's rage can riſe,
When welt'ring in her blood the harlot dies.

Thus various paſſions rul'd by turns her breaſt.
She now reſolves to ſend the fatal veſt,
Dy'd with *Lernæan* gore, whoſe pow'r might move
His ſoul anew, and rouſe declining love.
Nor knew ſhe what her ſudden rage beſtows,
When ſhe to *Lychas* truſts her future woes;

With

With ſoft endearments ſhe the boy commands
To bear the garment to her huſband's hands.

Th' unwitting hero takes the gift in haſte,
And o'er his ſhoulders *Lerna*'s poiſon caſt,
As firſt the fire with frankincenſe he ſtrows,
And utters to the gods his holy vows;
And on the marble altar's poliſh'd frame
Pours forth the grapy ſtream; the riſing flame
Sudden diſſolves the ſubtle pois'nous juice,
Which taints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.
With wonted fortitude he bore the ſmart,
And not a groan confeſs'd his burning heart.
At length his patience was ſubdu'd by pain,
He rends the ſacred altar from the plain;
OEte's wide foreſts echo with his cries:
Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries,
Where'er he plucks the veſt, the ſkin he tears,
The mangled muſcles and huge bones he bares,
(A ghaſtly ſight!) or raging with his pain,
To rend the ſticking plague he tugs in vain.

As the red iron hiſſes in the flood,
So boils the venom in his curdling blood.

Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
And livid ſweats down all his body flow;
The cracking nerves burnt up are burſt in twain,
The lurking venom melts his ſwimming brain.

Then, lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
Glut thy revenge, dread empreſs of the ſkies;
Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart,
Look down with pleaſure, and enjoy my ſmart.
Or, if e'er pity mov'd a hoſtile breaſt,
(For here I ſtand thy enemy profeſt)
Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
Inur'd to trouble, and to labours born.
Death is the gift moſt welcome to my woe,
And ſuch a gift a ſtep-dame may beſtow!
Was it for this *Buſiris* was ſubdu'd,
Whoſe barb'rous temples reek'd with ſtrangers' blood?
Preſs'd in theſe arms his fate *Antæus* found,
Nor gain'd recruited vigour from the ground.
Did I not triple-form'd *Geryon* fell?
Or did I fear the triple dog of hell?
Did not theſe hands the bull's arm'd forehead hold?
Are not our mighty toils in *Elis* told?

Did

Did not *Stymphalian* lakes proclaim my fame?
And fair *Parthenian* woods reſound my name?
Who ſeiz'd the golden belt of *Thermodon?*
And who the dragon-guarded apples won?
Could the fierce Centaur's ſtrength my force withſtand,
Or the fell boar that ſpoil'd th' *Arcadian* land?
Did not theſe arms the *Hydra*'s rage ſubdue,
Who from his wounds to double fury grew?
What if the *Thracian* horſes, fat with gore,
Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
I ſaw, and with their barb'rous lord o'erthrew?
What if theſe hands *Nemæa*'s lion ſlew?
Did not this neck the heav'nly globe ſuſtain? —
The female partner of the thund'rer's reign
Fatigu'd, at length ſuſpends her harſh commands,
Yet no fatigue hath ſlack'd theſe valiant hands.
But now new plagues purſue me, neither force,
Nor arms, nor darts can ſtop their raging courſe.
Devouring flame through my rack'd entrails ſtrays,
And on my lungs and ſhrivel'd muſcles preys;
Yet ſtill *Euryſtheus* breathes the vital air!
What mortal now ſhall ſeek the gods with pray'r?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LYCHAS INTO A ROCK.

THE hero ſaid; and with the torture ſtung,
Furious o'er *OEte*'s lofty hills he ſprung:
Stuck with the ſhaft, thus ſcours the tyger round,
And ſeeks the flying author of his wound.
Now might you ſee him trembling, now he vents
His anguiſh'd ſoul in groans, and loud laments;
He ſtrives to tear the clinging veſt in vain,
And with up-rooted foreſts ſtrews the plain;
Now kindling into rage, his hands he rears,
And to his kindred gods directs his pray'rs.
When *Lychas*, lo, he ſpies; who trembling flew,
And in a hollow rock conceal'd from view,

Had

Had ſhunn'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his pain,
His madneſs chaf'd, and thus he raves again.
Lychas, to thee alone my fate I owe,
Who bore the gift, the cauſe of all my woe.
The youth all pale with ſhiv'ring fear was ſtung,
And vain excuſes falter'd on his tongue.
Alcides ſnatch'd him, as with ſuppliant face
He ſtrove to claſp his knees, and beg for grace:
He toſs'd him o'er his head with airy courſe,
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force;
Far o'er the *Eubœan* main aloft he flies,
And hardens by degrees amid the ſkies:
So ſhow'ry drops, when chilly tempeſts blow,
Thicken at firſt, then whiten into ſnow;
In Balls congeal'd the rolling fleeces bound,
In ſolid hail reſult upon the ground.

Thus, whirl'd with nervous force thro' diſtant air,
The purple tide forſook his veins with fear;
All moiſture left his limbs. Transform'd to ſtone,
In ancient days the craggy flint was known:
Still in th' *Eubœan* waves his front he rears,
Still the ſmall rock in human form appears,
And ſtill the name of hapleſs *Lychas* bears.

THE

THE
APOTHEOSIS
OF
HERCULES.

BUT now the hero of immortal birth
Fells *OEte*'s foreſts on the groaning earth;
A pile he builds; to *Philoctetes*' care
He leaves his deathful inſtruments of war;
To him commits thoſe arrows, which again
Muſt ſee the bulwarks of the *Trojan* reign.
The ſon of *Pæan* lights the lofty pyre,
High round the ſtructure climbs the greedy fire;
Plac'd on the top, thy nervous ſhoulders ſpread
With the *Nemæan* ſpoils, thy careleſs head;
Rais'd on the knotty club, with look divine;
Here thou dread hero, of cæleſtial line,
Waſt ſtretch'd at eaſe; as when a chearful gueſt,
Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flow'rs thy temples dreſt.
Now on all ſides the potent flames aſpire,
And crackle round thoſe limbs that mock the fire.

Aſud-

A ſudden tremor ſeiz'd th' immortal hoſt,
Who thought the world's profeſt defender loſt.

This when the Thund'rer ſaw, with ſmiles he cries,
'Tis from your fears, ye gods, my pleaſures riſe;
Joy ſwells my breaſt, that my all-ruling hand
O'er ſuch a grateful people boaſts command,
That you my ſuff'ring progeny would aid;
Tho' to his deeds this juſt reſpect be paid,
Me you've oblig'd. Be all your fears forborn,
Th' *OEtean* Fires do thou, great hero, ſcorn.
Who vanquiſh'd all things, ſhall ſubdue the flame.
That part alone of groſs maternal frame
Fire ſhall devour; while what from me he drew
Shall live immortal, and its force ſubdue;
That, when he's dead, I'll raiſe to realms above;
May all the pow'rs the righteous act approve.
If any god diſſent, and judge too great
The ſacred honours of the heav'nly ſeat,
Ev'n he ſhall own his deeds deſerve the ſky
Ev'n he, reluctant, ſhall at length comply.
Th' aſſembled pow'rs aſſent. No frown 'till now
Had mark'd with paſſion vengeful *Juno*'s brow.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile whate'er was in the pow'r of flame
Was all conſum'd, his body's nervous frame
No more was known ; — of human form bereft,
Th' eternal part of *Jove* alone was left.

As an old ſerpent caſts his ſcaly veſt,
Wreathes in the ſun, in youthful glory dreſt ;
So when *Alcides* mortal mould reſign'd,
His better part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd,
Auguſt his viſage ſhone ; almighty *Jove*
In his ſwift carr his honour'd offspring drove ;
High o'er the hollow clouds the courſers fly,
And lodge the hero in the ſtarry ſky.

THE

TRANSFORMATION

OF

GALANTHIS.

ATLAS perceiv'd the load of Heav'n's new gueſt.
Revenge ſtill rancour'd in *Euryſtheus'* breaſt
Againſt *Alcides'* race. *Alcmena* goes
To *Iole*, to vent maternal woes;
Here ſhe pours forth her grief, recounts the ſpoils
Her ſon had bravely reap'd in glorious toils.
This *Iole*, by *Hercules'* commands,
Hyllus had lov'd, and join'd in nuptial bands.
Her ſwelling womb the teeming birth confeſs'd; —
To whom *Alcmena* thus her ſpeech addreſs'd.

O may

O may the gods protect thee, in that hour,
When midſt thy throes, thou call'ſt th' *Ilithyan* pow'r!
May no delays prolong thy racking pain,
As when I ſu'd for *Juno*'s aid in vain.
When now *Alcides*' mighty birth drew nigh,
And the tenth ſign roll'd forward on the ſky,
My womb extends with ſuch a mighty load,
As *Jove* the parent of the burden ſhew'd.
I could no more th' increaſing ſmart ſuſtain:
My horror kindles to recount the pain;
Cold chills my limbs while I the tale purſue,
And now methinks I feel my pangs anew.
Sev'n days and nights admidſt inceſſant throes,
Fatigu'd with ills I lay, nor knew repoſe;
When lifting high my hands, in ſhrieks I pray'd,
Implor'd the gods, and call'd *Lucina*'s aid.

She came, but prejudic'd, to give my fate
A ſacrifice to vengeful *Juno*'s hate.
She hears the groaning anguiſh of my fite,
And on the altar at my door ſhe ſits,
O'er her left knee her croſſing leg ſhe caſt,
Then knits her fingers cloſe, and wrings them faſt:

This

This ſtay'd the birth ; in mutt'ring verſe ſhe pray'd,
The mutt'ring verſe th' unfiniſh'd birth delay'd.
Now with fierce ſtruggles, raging with my pain,
At *Jove*'s ingratitude I rave in vain.
How did I wiſh for death ! ſuch groans I ſent,
As might have made the flinty heart relent.
Now the *Cadmeian* matrons round me preſs,
Offer their vows, and ſeek to bring redreſs.
Among the *Theban* dames *Galanthis* ſtands,
Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and juſt to my commands :
She firſt perceiv'd that all theſe racking woes
From the perſiſting hate of *Juno* roſe.
As here and there ſhe paſs'd, by chance ſhe ſees
The ſeated goddeſs ; on her cloſe-preſs'd knees,
Her faſt-knit hands ſhe leans ; with chearful voice
Galanthis cries, Who'er thou art, rejoice,
Congratulate the dame, ſhe lies at reſt,
At length the gods *Alcmena*'s womb have bleſt.
Swift from her ſeat the ſtartled goddeſs ſprings,
No more conceal'd, her hands abroad ſhe flings ;
The charm unloos'd, the birth my pangs reliev'd ;
Galanthis' laughter vex'd the pow'r deceiv'd.
Fame ſays, the goddeſs dragg'd the laughing maid
Faſt by the hair ; in vain her force eſſay'd,

Her grov'ling body from the ground to rear ;
Chang'd to fore-feet her ſhrinking arms appear :
Her hairy back her former hue retains,
The form alone is loſt ; her ſtrength remains ;
Who, ſince the lye did from her mouth proceed,
Shall from her pregnant mouth bring forth her breed ;
Nor ſhall ſhe quit her long-frequented home,
But haunt thoſe houſes where ſhe lov'd to roam.

THE STORY OF IOLAÜS RESTORED TO YOUTH.

ARGUMENT.

IÖLE *having related the fable of her ſiſter* Dryope *who was changed into a tree for violating the bloſſoms of the plant* Lotis, *(once a nymph.) While ſhe is diſcourſing on theſe matters with* ALCMENA, *ſhe finds new matter of wonder in the ſudden change of* Iolaüs *to a youth.*

WHILE *Iolé* the fatal change declares,
Alcemena's pitying hand oft wip'd her tears.

Grief too ſtream'd down her cheeks; ſoon ſorrow flies,
And riſing joy the trickling moiſture dries,
Lo *Iolaüs* ſtands before their eyes.
A youth he ſtood; and the ſoft down began
O'er his ſmooth chin to ſpread, and promiſe man.
Hebe ſubmitted to her huſband's pray'rs,
Inſtill'd new vigour, and reſtor'd his years.

THE

PROPHECY

OF

THEMIS.

NOW from her lips a ſolemn oath had paſs'd,
That *Iolaüs* this gift alone ſhou'd taſte,
Had not juſt *Themis* thus maturely ſaid.
(Which check'd her vow and aw'd the blooming maid)
Thebes is embroil'd in war. *Capaneus* ſtands
Invincible, but by the thund'rer's hands
Ambition ſhall the guilty * brothers fire,
Both ruſh to mutual wounds, and both expire.
The reeling earth ſhall ope her gloomy womb,
Where the † yet breathing bard ſhall find his tomb. —
The ‡ ſon ſhall bathe his hands in parents' blood,
And in one act be both unjuſt and good.

* Eteocles *and* Polynices. † Amphiaraus. ‡ Alcmæon.

Of home and ſenſe depriv'd, where'er he flies,
The furies and his mother's ghoſt he ſpies.
His wife the fatal bracelet ſhall implore,
And *Phegeus* ſtain his ſword in kindred gore.
Callirhöe ſhall then with ſuppliant pray'r
Prevail on *Jupiter*'s relenting ear.
Jove ſhall with youth her infant ſons inſpire,
And bid their boſoms glow with manly fire.

THE

THE DEBATE OF THE GODS.

WHEN *Themis* thus with preſcient voice had ſpoke,
Among the gods a various murmur broke;
Diſſenſion roſe in each immortal breaſt,
That one ſhould grant what was deny'd the reſt.
Aurora for her aged ſpouſe complains,
And *Ceres* grieves for *Jaſon*'s freezing veins;
Vulcan would *Erichthonius*' years renew;
Her future race the care of *Venus* drew,
She would *Anchiſes*' blooming age reſtore;
A diff'rent care employ'd each heav'nly pow'r:
Thus various int'reſts did their jars increaſe,
Till *Jove* aroſe;——he ſpoke, their tumults ceaſe.

—In

—Is any rev'rence to our preſence giv'n?
Then why this diſcord 'mong the pow'rs of heav'n?
Who can the ſettled will of Fate ſubdue?
'Twas by the Fates that *Iolaüs* knew
A ſecond youth. The Fates determin'd doom
Shall give *Callirhöe*'s race a youthful bloom.
Arms nor ambition can this pow'r obtain;
Quell your deſires; ev'n Me the Fates reſtrain.
Could I their will controll, no rolling years
Had *Æacus* bent down with ſilver hairs;
Then *Rhadamanthus* ſtill had youth poſſeſs'd,
And *Minos* with eternal bloom been bleſs'd.

Jove's words the ſynod mov'd; the pow'rs give o'er,
And urge in vain unjuſt complaint no more.
Since *Rhadamanthus*' veins now ſlowly flow'd,
And *Æacus*, and *Minos* bore the load;
Minos, who in the flow'r of youth, and fame,
Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
Infirm with age, the proud *Miletus* fears,
Vain of his birth, and in the ſtrength of years;
And now, regarding all his realms as loſt,
He durſt not force him from his native coaſt.

But you by choice, *Miletus*, fled his reign,
And your swift vessel plow'd th' *Ægean* main;
On *Asiatic* shores a town you frame,
Which still is honour'd with the founder's name.
Here you *Cyanëe* knew, the beauteous maid,
As on her father's winding banks she stray'd:
Caunus and *Byblis* hence their lineage trace,
The double offspring of your warm embrace.

THE STORY OF ARACHNE,

From the beginning of the Sixth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

ARGUMENT.

PALLAS *viſiting the Muſes on their hill to ſee the fountain* Hippocrene, *is by them informed how the Pierides were changed into chattering pies for rivalling the nine ſiſters in ſong.* — *This ſtimulating the Goddeſs to take vengeance on* Arachne *the daughter of* Idmon, *who defy'd her in her own art, gives riſe to the following ſtory.*

PALLAS, attentive heard the Muſes ſong,
Pleas'd that ſo well they had reveng'd their wrong:

Reflecting

Reflecting thus,—A vulgar ſoul can praiſe,
My fame let glorious emulation raiſe:
Swift vengeance ſhall purſue th' audacious pride
That dares my ſacred Deity deride.
Revenge the Goddeſs in her breaſt revolves,
And ſtrait the bold *Arachne*'s fate reſolves.
Her haughty mind to Heav'n diſdain'd to bend,
And durſt with *Pallas* in her art contend.
No famous town ſhe boaſts, or noble name;
But to her ſkilful hand owes all her fame;
Idmon her father on his trade rely'd,
And thirſty wool in purple juices dy'd;
Her mother, whom the ſhades of death confine,
Was, like her huſband, born of vulgar line.
At ſmall *Hypæpe* though ſhe did reſide,
Yet induſtry proclaim'd what birth deny'd:
All *Lydia* to her name due honour pays,
And ev'ry city ſpeaks *Arachne*'s praiſe.
Nymphs of *Timolus* quit their ſhady woods,
Nymphs of *Pactolus* leave their golden floods,
And oft with pleaſure round her gazing ſtand,
Admire her work, and praiſe her artful hand:
They view'd each motion, with new wonder ſeiz'd;
More than the work her graceful manner pleas'd.

Whether

Whether raw wool in its firſt orbs ſhe wound,
Or with ſwift fingers twirl'd the ſpindle round,
Whether ſhe pick'd with care the knotty piece,
Or comb'd like ſtreaky clouds the ſtretching fleece,
Whether her needle play'd the pencil's part;
'Twas plain from *Pallas* ſhe deriv'd her art.
But ſhe unable to ſuſtain her pride,
The very miſtreſs of her art defy'd.—
Pallas obſcures her bright cœleſtial grace,
And takes an old decrepit beldame's face.
Her head is ſcatter'd o'er with ſilver hairs,
Which ſeems to bend beneath a load of years.
Her trembling hand, emboſs'd with livid veins,
On truſty ſtaff her feeble limbs ſuſtains.

She thus accoſts the nymph: "Be timely wiſe,
"Do not the wholeſome words of age deſpiſe,
"For in the hoary head experience lies:
"On earth contend the greateſt name to gain,
"To *Pallas* yield;—with Heav'n you ſtrive in vain."

Contempt contracts her brow, her paſſions riſe,
Wrath and diſdain inflame her rolling eyes:

At once the tangling thread away ſhe throws,
And ſcarce can curb her threatning hands from blows.
" Worn out with age, and by diſeaſe declin'd,
" (She cries) thy carcaſe has ſurviv'd thy mind ;
" Theſe lectures might thy ſervile daughters move,
" And wary doctrines for thy nieces prove
" My counſel's from myſelf, my will commands,
" And my firſt reſolution always ſtands :
" Let her contend ; or does her fear impart
" That conqueſt waits on my ſuperior art ?"
The goddeſs ſtrait throws off her old diſguiſe,
And heav'nly beauty ſparkles in her eyes,
A youthful bloom fills up each wrinkled trace,
And *Pallas* ſmiles with ev'ry wonted grace.
The nymphs ſurpriz'd the deity adore,
And *Lydian* dames confeſs her matchleſs pow'r ;
The rival maid alone unmov'd remains,
Yet a ſwift bluſh her guilty feature ſtains ;
In her unwilling cheek the crimſon glows,
And her check'd pride a ſhort confuſion knows.
So when *Aurora* firſt unveils her eyes,
A purple dawn inveſts the bluſhing ſkies ;
But ſoon bright *Phœbus* gains th' horizon's height,
And gilds the hemiſphere with ſpreading light.

Deſire of conqueſt ſways the giddy maid,
To certain ruin by vain hopes betray'd,
The goddeſs with her ſtubborn will comply'd,
And deign'd by trial to convince her pride.
Both take their ſtations, and the piece prepare,
And order ev'ry ſlender thread with care;
The web inwraps the beam; the reed divides,
While through the wid'ning ſpace the ſhuttle glides,
Which their ſwift hands receive; then pois'd with lead,
The ſwinging weight ſtrikes cloſe th' inſerted thread.
They gird their flowing garments round the waſte,
And ply their feet and arms with dext'rous haſte.
Here each inweaves the richeſt *Tyrian* dye,
There fainter ſhades in ſoften'd order lye;
Such various mixtures in the texture ſhine,
Set off the work, and brighten each deſign:
As when the ſun his piercing rays extends,
When from thin clouds ſome driſling ſhow'r deſcends,
We ſee the ſpacious humid arch appear,
Whoſe tranſient colours paint the ſplendid air:
By ſuch degrees the deep'ning ſhadows riſe
As pleaſingly deceive our dazzled eyes;
And though the ſame th' adjoining colour ſeems,
Yet hues of diff'rent natures dye th' extremes.

Here

Here height'ning gold they 'midſt the woof diſpoſe,
And in the web this antique ſtory roſe.

Pallas the lofty mount of *Mars* deſigns,
Cœleſtial judgment guides th'unerring lines;
Here, in juſt view, the *Athenian* ſtructures ſtand,
And there, the Gods contend to name the land;
Twelve deities ſhe frames with ſtately mien,
And in the midſt ſuperior *Jove* is ſeen;
A glowing warmth the blended colours give,
The figures in the picture ſeem to live.
Heav'n's thund'ring monarch ſits with aweful grace,
And dread omnipotence imprints his face:
There *Neptune* ſtood, diſdainfully he frown'd,
And with his trident ſmote the trembling ground,
The parting rocks a ſpacious chaſm diſcloſe,
From whence a fiery, prancing ſteed aroſe;
And on that uſeful gift he founds his claim,
To grace the city with his honour'd name.
See her own figure next with martial air,
A ſhining helmet decks her flowing hair;
Her thoughtful breaſt her well pois'd ſhield defends,
And her bare arm a glitt'ring ſpear extends,

With which ſhe wounds the plain; from thence aroſe
A ſpreading tree; green olives load the boughs.
The pow'rs her gift behold with wond'ring eyes,
And to the goddeſs give the rightful prize.

Such mercy checks her wrath, that to diſſuade
By others fate the too preſumptuous maid,
With miniatures ſhe fills each corner ſpace,
To curb her pride, and ſave her from diſgrace.

Hæmus and *Rhodopé* in this ſhe wrought,
The beauteous colours ſpoke her lively thought;
With arrogance and fierce ambition fir'd,
They to the ſacred names of Gods aſpir'd;
To mountains chang'd their lofty heads ariſe,
And loſe their leſs'ning ſummits in the ſkies.

In that, in all the ſtrength of art was ſeen
The wretched fate of the *Pygmæan* queen;
Juno enrag'd, reſents th' audacious aim,
And to a crane transforms the vanquiſh'd dame;
In that voracious ſhape ſhe ſtill appears,
And plagues her people with perpetual wars.

In

In this, *Antigoné* for beauty ſtrove
With the bright conſort of imperial *Jove*:
Juno incens'd, her royal pow'r diſplay'd,
And to a bird converts the haughty maid.
Laomedon his daughter's fate bewails,
Nor his, nor *Ilion*'s fervent pray'r prevails,
But on her lovely ſkin white feathers riſe;
Chang'd to a clam'rous ſtork, ſhe mounts the ſkies.

In the remaining orb, the heav'nly maid
The tale of childleſs *Cynaras* diſplay'd,
A ſettled anguiſh in his look appears,
And from his bloodſhot eyes flow ſtreams of tears;
On the cold ground, no more a father, thrown;
He for his daughters claſp'd the poliſh'd ſtone.
And when he ſought to hold their wonted charms,
The temple's ſteps deceiv'd his eager arms.
Wreaths of green olive round the border twine,
And her own tree incloſes the deſign.

Arachne paints th'amours of mighty *Jove*,
How in a bull the God diſguis'd his love,
A real bull ſeems in the piece to roar,
And real billows breaking on the ſhore:

In fair *Europa*'s face appears ſurprize,
To the retreating land ſhe turns her eyes,
And ſeems to call her maids, who wond'ring ſtood,
And with their tears increas'd the briny flood;
Her trembling feet ſhe by contraction ſaves
From the rude inſult of the riſing waves.

Here am'rous *Jove* diſſolving *Læda* trod,
And in the vig'rous ſwan conceal'd the God.
Love lends him now an eagle's new diſguiſe,
Beneath his fluttering wings *Aſteria* lies,
Th' enliv'ning colours here with force expreſs'd
How *Jove* the fair *Antiope* careſs'd.
In a ſtrong ſatyr's muſcled form he came
Inſtilling love tranſports the glowing dame,
And luſty twins reward his nervous flame.
Here how he ſooth'd the bright *Alcmena*'s love,
Who for *Amphitryon* took th' impoſtor *Jove*,
And how the God, in golden ſhow'r allur'd
The guarded nymph, in brazen walls immur'd.
How, in a ſwain, *Mnemoſyne* he charms;
How lambent flame the fair *Ægina* warms:
And how with various glitt'ring hues inlaid
In ſerpent's form *Deöis* he betray'd.

Here

Here you, great *Neptune*, with a ſhort-liv'd flame
In a young bull enjoy th' *Æolian* dame.
Then in *Enipeus'* ſhape intrigues purſue,
'Tis thus th' *Aloids* boaſt deſcent from you.
Here to *Biſaltis* was thy love convey'd,
When a rough ram deceiv'd the yielding maid.

Ceres, kind mother of the bounteous year,
Whoſe golden locks a ſheafy garland bear;
And the dread dame, with hiſſing ſerpents hung,
(From whom the *Pegaſæan* courſer ſprung)
Thee in a ſnuffling ſtallion's form enjoy,
Exhauſt thy ſtrength, and ev'ry nerve employ;
Melantho as a dolphin you betray,
And ſport in pleaſures on the rolling ſea;
Such juſt proportion graces ev'ry part,
Nature herſelf appears improv'd by art.
Here in diſguiſe was mighty *Phœbus* ſeen
With clowniſh aſpect, and a ruſtic mien;
Again transform'd, he's dreſs'd in falcon's plumes,
And now the lion's noble ſhape aſſumes;
Now, in a ſhepherd's form, with treach'rous ſmiles
He *Macareian Iſſe*'s heart beguiles.

Here

Here his plump ſhape enamour'd *Bacchus* leaves,
And in the grape *Erigone* deceives.
There *Saturn*, in a neighing horſe, ſhe wove,
And *Chiron*'s double form rewards his love.
Feſtoons of flow'rs inwove with ivy ſhine,
Border the wond'rous piece, and round the texture twine.

Not *Pallas*, nor ev'n ſpleen itſelf could blame,
The wond'rous work of the *Mæonian* dame;
With grief her vaſt ſucceſs the goddeſs bore,
And of cœleſtial crimes the ſtory tore.
Her boxen ſhuttle, now enrag'd, ſhe took,
And thrice the proud *Idmonian* artiſt ſtruck:
Th' unhappy maid, to ſee her labours vain,
Grew reſolute with pride, and ſhame, and pain:
Around her neck a fatal nooſe ſhe ty'd,
And ſought by ſudden death her guilt to hide.
Pallas with pity ſaw the deſp'rate deed,
And thus the virgin's milder fate decreed.
" Live, impious rival, mindful of thy crime,
" Suſpended thus to waſte thy future time,
" Thy puniſhment involves thy num'rous race,
" Who for thy fault ſhall ſhare in thy diſgrace: "

Her

Her incantation magic juices aid,
With ſprinkling drops ſhe bath'd the pendent maid,
And thus the charm its noxious pow'r diſplay'd.
Like leaves in autumn drop her falling hairs,
With theſe her noſe, and next her riſing ears.
Her head to the minuteſt ſubſtance ſhrunk,
The potent juice contracts her changing trunk;
Cloſe to her ſides her ſlender fingers clung,
There chang'd to nimble feet in order hung;
Her bloated belly ſwells to larger ſize,
Which now with ſmalleſt threads her work ſupplies;
The Virgin in the Spider ſtill remains;
And in that ſhape her former art retains.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

W I N E*:

A P O E M.

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina poſſunt,
Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus. Hor.

OF happineſs terreſtrial, and the ſource
Whence human pleaſures flow, ſing Heavenly Muſe,
Of ſparkling juices, of th' enlivening grape,
Whoſe quick'ning taſte adds vigour to the ſoul,

Whoſe

* In a letter from Aaron Hill to Mr. Savage, publiſhed in the former's works, Vol. I. p. 339. ſpeaking of Mr. Gay, he has theſe words,——"That Poem you ſpeak of, called WINE, he printed in the year 1710 as I remember. I am ſure I have one among my pamphlets.——I will look for it and ſend it you if it will be of uſe or ſatisfaction to any gentleman of your acquaintance."——This is the piece Mr. Hill mentions, and it is here printed from a copy of the original edition.

Whoſe ſov'reign pow'r revives decaying Nature,
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary age,
A kindly warmth diffuſing;—youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled viſage, ghaſtly wan before:
Cordial reſtorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bounteous gods beſtow'd!

Bacchus divine, aid my advent'rous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar:
Inſpir'd, ſublime, on Pegaſæan wing,
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.

When fumy vapours clog our loaded brows
With furrow'd frowns, when ſtupid, downcaſt eyes,
Th' external ſymptoms of remorſe within,
Expreſs our grief, or when in ſullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm,
Moping we ſit, in ſilent ſorrow drown'd:
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd
Th' unwary youth, and ty'd the Gordian knot
Of jangling wedlock not to be diſſolv'd:
Worry'd all day by loud Xantippe's din,
Who fails not to exalt him to the ſtars,

And fix him there among the branched crew,
(Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
The greateſt monſters of the Zodiac :)
Or for the loſs of anxious worldly pelf,
Or Cælia's ſcornful ſlights, and cold diſdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulſe:
The worſt events that mortals can befal;
By cares depreſs'd, in penſive hyppiſh mood,
With ſloweſt pace the tedious minutes roll.
Thy charming ſight, but much more charming guſt
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Strait with pert looks, we raiſe our drooping fronts,
And pour in cryſtal pure, thy purer juice ;——
With chearful countenance, and ſteady hand
Raiſe it lip-high, then fix the ſpacious rim
To the expecting mouth ;——with grateful taſte,
The ebbing wine glides ſwiftly o'er the tongue,
The circling blood with quicker motion flies :
Such is thy powerful influence, thou ſtrait
Diſpell'ſt thoſe clouds, that louring dark, eclips'd
The whilom glories of the gladſome face;——
While dimpled cheeks, and ſparkling, rolling eyes,
Thy chearing virtues, and thy worth proclaim.

So miſts and exhalations that ariſe
From *hills or ſteamy lake, duſky or grey,*
Prevail, till Phœbus ſheds Titanian rays,
And paints their fleecy ſkirts with ſhining gold,
Unable to reſiſt, the foggy damps,
That veil'd the ſurface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams diſperſe;
The earth again in former beauty ſmiles,
In gaudieſt livery dreſt, all gay and clear.

When diſappointed Strephon meets repulſe,
Scoff'd at, deſpis'd, in melancholic mood,
Joyleſs, he waſtes in ſighs the lazy hours,
'Till reinforc'd by thy moſt potent aid,
He ſtorms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.

To pay thee homage, and receive thy bleſſing,
The Britiſh ſeaman quits his native ſhore,
And ventures thro' the trackleſs, deep abyſs,
Plowing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,
With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves;
Shock'd by tempeſtuous jarring winds, ſhe rolls
In dangers imminent, 'till ſhe arrives
At thoſe bleſt climes thou favour'ſt with thy preſence.

Whether at Luſitania's ſultry coaſt,
Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian ſhores;
With gazing pleaſure and aſtoniſhment
At Paradiſe (ſeat of our ancient ſire)
He thinks himſelf arriv'd; the purple grapes,
In largeſt cluſters pendant, grace the vines
Innumerous; in fields groteſque and wild
They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
And load with fruit divine his ſpreading boughs;
Sight moſt delicious! not an irkſome thought,
Or of left native iſle, or abſent friends,
Or deareſt wife, or tender ſucking babe,
His kindly-treacherous memory now preſents;
The jovial God has left no room for cares.

Celeſtial liquor! thou that didſt inſpire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic ſtrains
Unparallel'd, with eloquence profound,
And arguments convictive, didſt enforce
Fam'd Tully, and Demoſthenes renown'd:

* Ennius

*Ennius, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful wher
To jaded Muse, and oft, with vain attempt,
Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
His unrecruited Muse could never reach
The mighty theme, 'till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenæan fire, her barren drought
He quench'd, and with inspiring nect'rous juice,
Her drooping spirits chear'd;—aloft she tow'rs,
Borne on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings:
'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts,
And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
Excit'st: thou check'st inglorious, lolling ease,
And sluggish minds with gen'rous fires inflam'st.
O thou, that first my quick'ned soul didst warm,
Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise,
Thy universal sway o'er all the world,

* An old Latin poet, of whom a more modern Roman bard, when reading his works, made use of this expression, "I have been seeking for pearls in Ennius's dunghill."

In everlaſting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and ſing thy matchleſs worth.

Had the Oxonian bard thy praiſe rehears'd
His muſe had yet retain'd her wonted height;
Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field ſhe ſoar'd
Aërial: now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious flound'ring, like her theme
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
In acid juice, in vain attempts to riſe.

With what ſublimeſt joy from noiſy town,
At rural ſeat, Lucretolus retir'd:
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar, and the lofty pine
Join neighb'ring boughs, ſweet hoſpitable ſhade
Creating, from Phœbean rays ſecure,
A cool retreat, with few well-choſen friends
On flowery mead recumbent, ſpent the hours
In mirth innocuous, and alternate verſe!
With roſes interwoven, poplar wreaths
Their temples bind, dreſs of Sylveſtrian gods!
Choiceſt nectarean juice crown'd largeſt bowls,
And overlook'd the brim, alluring ſight,

Of fragrant ſcent, attractive, taſte divine!
Whether from Formain-grape depreſs'd, Falern,
Or Setin, Maſſic, Gauran or Sabine,
Leſbian or Cœcuban, the chearing bowl
Mov'd briſkly round, and ſpurr'd their heighten'd wit
To ſing Mecænas' praiſe, their patron kind.

But we not as our priſtine ſires, repair
T'umbrageous grot or vale, but when the ſun
Faintly from weſtern ſkies his rays oblique
Darts ſloping, and to Thetis' watry lap
Haſtens in prone career, with friends ſelect
Swiftly we hie to * Devil, young or old,
Jocund and boon, where at the entrance ſtands
A ſtripling, who with ſcrapes and humil cringe,
Greets us in winning ſpeech, and accent bland,
With lighteſt bound, and ſafe, unerring ſtep
He ſkips before, and nimbly climbs the ſtairs:
Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
And wagging tail, gambols, and friſks before
His ſequent lord, from penſive walk return'd,

* The Devil-tavern, Temple-bar, frequented by his friends.

Whether in ſhady wood, or paſture green,
And waits his coming at the well-known gate.—
Nigh to the ſtairs aſcent, in regal port,
Sits a majeſtic dame, whoſe looks denounce
Command and ſov'reignty, with haughty air,
And ſtudy'd mien, in ſemi-circ'lar throne
Enclos'd, ſhe deals around her dread commands;
Behind her (dazzling ſight!) in order rang'd,
Pile above pile, cryſtalline veſſels ſhine;
Attendant ſlaves with eager ſtrides advance,
And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
Words unintelligible, noiſe confus'd:
She knows the jargon ſounds, and ſtrait deſcribes,
In characters myſterious, words obſcure;
More legible are algebraic ſigns,
Or myſtic figures by magicians drawn,
When they invoke th' infernal ſpirits aid.

Drive hence the rude and barbarous diſſonance
Of ſavage Thracians, and Croatian boors;
The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
Sound harſh, and grating to Lenæan god;
Chaſe brutal feuds of Belgian ſkippers hence,
(Amid their cups, whoſe innate temper's ſhewn)

In clumſy fiſt wielding Scymmetrian knife,
Who ſlaſh each other's eyes, and blubber'd face,
Profaning Bacchanalian, ſolemn rites:
Muſic's harmonious numbers better ſuit
His feſtivals, from inſtruments or voice,
Or Gaſperini's hand the trembling ſtring
Should touch; or from the dulcet Tuſcan dames,
Or warbling Toft's far more melodious tongue,
Sweet ſymphonies ſhould flow, the Delian god
For airy Bacchus is aſſociate meet.

The ſtairs aſcent now gain'd, our guide unbars
The door of ſpacious room, and creaking chairs
(To ear offenſive) round the table ſets.
We ſit, when thus his florid ſpeech begins:
"Name, Sirs, the wine that moſt invites your taſte
"Champaigne, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
"Or Hock antique, or Liſbon new or old,
"Bourdeaux, or neat French white, or Alicant:"
For Bourdeaux we with voice unanimous
Declare (ſuch ſympathy's in boon compeers.)
He quits the room alert, but ſoon returns;
One hand capacious gliſtering veſſels bears
Reſplendent, t' other with a graſp ſecure,

A bottle

A bottle (mighty charge!) upſtaid, full fraught
With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
Rais'd high, pours forth the ſanguine frothy juice;
O'erſpread with bubbles, diſſipated ſoon:
We ſtrait to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs;
Now glaſſes claſh with glaſſes (charming ſound!)
And glorious Anna's health, the firſt, the beſt,
Crowns the full glaſs;—at her inſpiring name
The ſprightly wine reſults, and ſeems to ſmile;
With hearty zeal, and wiſh unanimous,
Her health we drink, and in her health our own.

A pauſe enſues; and now with grateful chat
W' improve the interval, and joyous mirth
Engages our rais'd ſouls, pat repartee,
Or witty joke, our airy ſenſes moves
To pleaſant laughter, ſtraight the echoing room
With univerſal peals and ſhouts reſounds.

The royal Dane, bleſt conſort of the queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whoſe bliſs
In Anna's plac'd:—with ſympathetic flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys,

Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
Centre in him, who ſhares the grateful hearts
Of loyal ſubjects, with his ſovereign queen;
For, by his prudent care, united ſhores
Were ſav'd from hoſtile fleets invaſion dire.

The hero Marlbro' next, whoſe vaſt exploits
Fame's clarion ſounds, freſh laurels, triumphs new
We wiſh, like thoſe he won at Hockſtcht's field.

Next Devonſhire illuſtrious, who from race
Of nobleſt patriots ſprang, whoſe worthy ſoul
Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd,
That ſhone in his moſt worthy anceſtors,
For then diſtinct in ſeparate breaſts were ſeen
Virtues diſtinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent Godolphin of the *nation*'s weal
Frugal, but free and gen'rous of *his own*,
Next crowns the bowl, with faithful Sunderland,
And Halifax, the Muſes darling ſon,
In whom conſpicuous, with full luſtre ſhine
The ſureſt judgement, and the brighteſt wit,

Himſelf

Himſelf Mecænas and a Flaccus too.—
And all the worthies of the Britiſh realm
In order rang'd, ſucceed; ſuch Healths as tinge
The dulcet wine with a more charming guſt.

Now each his miſtreſs toaſts, by whoſe bright eye
He's fir'd; Coſmelia fair, or Dulcibell'
Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
Piercing, or airy Cælia, ſprightly maid!——
Inſenſibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
Glaſs ſucceeds glaſs, 'till the Dircean god
Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye;
All blithe and jolly, that like Arthur's knights,
Of rotund table, fam'd in old records,
Now moſt we ſeem'd—ſuch is the power of WINE.

Thus we the winged hours in harmleſs mirth
And joys unſully'd paſs, till humid night
Has half her race perform'd, now all abroad
Is huſh'd and ſilent, nor the rumbling noiſe
Of coach or cart, or ſmoaky link-boy's call
Is heard—but univerſal Silence reigns:
When we in merry plight, airy and gay,

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd to find the hours ſo ſwifty fly,
With haſty knock, or twang of pendent cord,
Alarm the drowzy youth from ſlumb'ring nod;
Startled he flies, and ſtumbles o'er the ſtairs
Erroneous, and with buſy knuckles plies
His yet-clung eyelids, and with ſtagg'ring reel
Enters confus'd, and mutt'ring aſks our wills;
When we with liberal hand the ſcore diſcharge,
And homeward each his courſe with ſteady ſtep
Unerring ſteers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE

† THE

STORY

OF

CEPHISA.

IN weſtern climes where the bright God of day,
Darts on the gladſome earth a warmer ray,
While ſmiling Spring led on the jocund hours,
And early months beſtrew'd the fields with flow'rs,
In bloom of youth *Cephiſa*, lovely maid
Trac'd the wide lawns, and thro' the foreſts ſtray'd;
Not all the nymphs who ſwell *Diana*'s train
From *Cynthus*' top, when iſſuing on the plain,
With hound and horn they raiſe the chearful cry,
And the rocks echo and the floods reply:
Not all their train for beauty could compare
Their goddeſs' ſelf ſcarce like *Cephiſa* fair.—
Struck with the ſight of ſuch tranſcendant charms,
With gifts the ſhepherds woo'd her to their arms.

The

The am'rous toys no grace nor favour gain'd;
The gifts, and givers ſhe alike diſdain'd;
Reſolv'd in happy ſolitude to rove
A ſylvan huntreſs thro' the leafy grove.

But envious Fate the nymph no reſpite gives,
In ev'ry heart her lov'd idea lives:
E'en *Pan* himſelf, with ardent paſſion fir'd,
The God of woods, the woodland nymph deſir'd;
Still as he views, he pants to claſp the maid,
And ſoftly ſighing to himſelf he ſaid:
" O happy winds, which kiſs that ſnowy breaſt,
" O happy garments which thoſe limbs inveſt,
" But, happier he who gains ſo rich a prize,
" Pants in thoſe arms, and on that boſom dies!"

Thus he;—the Nymph far other loves employ,
The chace her glory, and the woods her joy;
Oft as the God is preſent to her ſight,
So oft' the nymph prepares for ſudden flight,
Eludes his ſearch, ſwift ſkimming o'er the lawn,
As from the beagle flies the bounding fawn.

A bow'r there was, a cloſe ſequeſter'd ſhade,
By poplar boughs and twining oſiers made,
Faſt by whoſe ſide a chryſtal fountain flow'd,
(The banks with flow'rs of various colours glow'd;)
Here oft' at noon the weary fair reclin'd
To court the coolneſs of the gentle wind,
For here ſoft Zephyr with a grateful breeze,
Kiſs'd the young plants, and whiſper'd thro' the trees.

It chanc'd that *Pan* had mark'd the pebbled bed
Where the ſtream iſſu'd from its fountain head,
Thence pouring on, through moſſy windings roll'd,
O'er fertile tracks and ſands that glow'd with gold;
Its courſe the God with curious ſearch purſu'd,
Till pleas'd, at length, the fragrant bow'r he view'd;
But far more pleas'd the beauteous nymph ſurvey'd,
Stretch'd at her eaſe beneath the cooling ſhade.
His near approach the penſive nymph alarms,
Who riſes haſty, with diſorder'd charms,
Springs from her covert like the tim'rous hare,
And, flying, fills with ſhricks the ambient air.
With wings of love *Pan* urges on the courſe,
Fear lends her ſtrength, while Love ſupplies his force.

Yet

Yet oft the God in the mid' chaſe delays,
Stops ſhort of conqueſt and ſubmiſſive prays,
" O thou", he cries, " the lovelieſt of thy kind,
" Why fly'ſt thou thus, and leav'ſt thy love behind;
" No ſavage foe, no plunderer is near,
" Nor mountain-robber with his dreadful ſpear,
" Nor mean am I tho' words my lineage claim,
" My ſire immortal, and myſelf the ſame,
" Nor on the crook, nor plough do I depend,
" Nor on the mountain's top a ſcanty flock attend;"—
" *PAN* is my name;—the herds on yonder plains,
" My herbage fattens and my care ſuſtains;
" To me the woodland empire is decreed,
" I claim th' invention of the vocal reed;
" Yet vain theſe arts, theſe gifts in vain beſtow'd,
" Great as I am, and worſhipp'd as a God,
" If thou bright nymph with coyneſs and diſdain,
" Repay thy lover, and deride his pain.

Thus urg'd the ſylvan God his am'rous pray'r,
But all his words were loſt in empty air.
With double ſpeed the nymph her courſe renew'd,
With double ſpeed the raviſher purſu'd,

O'er hills and dales they hold the rapid race,
Till, ſpent at length, and weary'd with the chace,
With ſecret dread ſhe views the ſun deſcend,
And twilight o'er the earth her veil extend;
For now the ſwift purſuer nearer drew,
And almoſt touch'd her garments as ſhe flew;
Wheel'd as ſhe wheel'd, on ev'ry footſtep gain'd,
And no relief nor glimpſe of hope remain'd.
Faſt by a ſtream, an ancient altar ſtood,
And cloſe behind it roſe a wavy wood,
Whoſe twining boughs exclude the parting light,
And duſky ſhades anticipate the night,
Thither, collecting all her force, ſhe flies,
And "Oh! whatever god (the damſel cries)
"Protects this altar, may that gen'rous pow'r
"Hear and relieve me in this dang'rous hour,
"Give me at leaſt to ſave my ſpotleſs fame.
"And ſtill in death preſerve a virgin's name."

While thus to unknown powr's *Cephiſa* pray'd,
Victorious *Pan* o'ertook the fainting maid.
Around her waſte his eager arms he throws,
With love and joy his throbbing boſom glows;

When

When, wonderful to tell, her form receives
A verdant cov'ring of expanded leaves;
Then ſhooting downward trembling to the ground
A fibrous root her ſlender ancles bound;
Strange to herſelf as yet aghaſt ſhe ſtands,
And to high Heav'n ſhe rears her ſpotleſs hands;
Theſe while ſhe ſpreads them ſtill in ſpires extend,
Till in ſmall leaves her taper fingers end;
Her voice ſhe tries; but utt'rance is deny'd,
The ſmother'd ſounds in hollow murmurs dy'd;
At length, quite chang'd, the God with wonder view'd
A beauteous plant ariſing where ſhe ſtood;
This from his touch with human ſenſe inſpir'd,
Indignant ſhrinking, of itſelf retir'd;
Yet *Pan* attends it with a lover's cares,
And foſt'ring aid with tender hand prepares;
The new form'd plant reluctant ſeems to yield,
And lives the grace and glory of the field.
But ſtill, as mindful of her former ſtate,
The nymph's perfections on her change await,
And tho' transform'd, her virtue ſtill remains,
No touch impure her ſacred plant ſuſtains,
From whence the name of SENSITIVE it gains.

This oft' the nymphs approach with ſecret dread,
While crimſon bluſhes o'er their cheeks are ſpread;
Yet the true virgin has no cauſe for fear,
The teſt is equal if the maid's ſincere.
This in thy walks O ——— is found
Thy walks for virgins fair and chaſte renown'd.
This from the mild Heſperian clime convey'd,
Shall ever bloom, O! W——— in thy ſhade;
Yet *Weſtern* nymphs thy wond'rous tree avoid,
Leſt all their hopes be by a touch deſtroy'd.
Britannia's daughters no ſuch terrors know,
With no lewd flames their ſpotleſs boſoms glow;
Tho' ev'ry ſhrub our cultur'd gardens boaſt,
And all of foreign ſtock, a countleſs hoſt;
Should all at once the precious gift receive,
And ev'ry plant become a SENSITIVE.
Yet ſhould *their* fame the dreadful trial ſtand,
And add new honours to their native land;
Honours their lateſt progeny ſhall ſhare,
Nor ever virtuous, as for ever fair.

MOLLY MOG:

OR THE

FAIR MAID of the INN.

A BALLAD.*

I.

SAYS my Uncle, I pray you diſcover
What hath been the cauſe of your woes,
That you pine and you whine like a lover?
— I have ſeen *Molly Mog* of the *Roſe*.

II. O

* This Ballad was written on an inn-keeper's daughter at Oakingham in Berkſhire, who in her youth was a celebrated beauty and toaſt; ſhe lived to a very advanced age, dying ſo lately as the month of March, 1766.

II.

O Nephew! your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.

III.

I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women are beſt at a clog;
But I am not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving of ſweet *Molly Mog*.

IV.

The ſchool-boy's deſire is a play-day;
The ſchool-maſter's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delights is on *May-day*;
But mine is on ſweet *Molly Mog*.

V,

Will-a-wiſp leads the traveller gadding
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire, and bog;
But no light can ſet me a madding
Like the eyes of my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

VI. For

VI.

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gameſters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win ſweet *Molly Mog*.

VII.

The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis ſo fix'd upon ſweet *Molly Mog*.

VIII.

Who follows all ladies of pleaſure,
In pleaſure is thought but a hog;
All the ſex cannot give ſo good meaſure
Of joys, as my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

IX.

I feel I'm in love to diſtraction,
My ſenſes all loſt in a fog;
And nothing can give ſatisfaction
But thinking of ſweet *Molly Mog*.

X.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes *Cupid* and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet *Molly Mog*.

XI.

If I would not give up the three *Graces*
I wiſh I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

XII.

Thoſe faces want nature and ſpirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a log;
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas*'s merit
Unite in my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

XIII.

Thoſe who toaſt all the Family Royal,
In bumpers of *Hogan* and *Nog*,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal,
Than mine to my ſweet *Molly Mog*.

XIV.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another Eclogue;
Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give up for ſweet *Molly Mog*.

XV.

When ſhe ſmiles on each gueſt, like her liquor,
Then jealouſy ſets me agog,
To be ſure ſhe's a bit for the Vicar,
And ſo I ſhall loſe *Molly Mog*.

A

PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE

TO

Mr. THOMAS SNOW,

Goldſmith, *near* Temple-Bar.

OCCASIONED

By his buying and ſelling of the Third Subſcriptions, taken in by the Directors of the *South-Sea* Company, at a thouſand *per Cent.*

DISDAIN not' *Snow*, my humble verſe to hear:
Stick thy black pen a while behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter ſhine with ſums untold,
And thy wide-graſping hand grow black with gold:

Whether

Whether thy mien erect, and ſable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the *Stocks*:
Suſpend the worldly buſineſs of the day,
And to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O thou, whoſe penetrative wiſdom found
The *South-Sea* rocks and ſhelves, where thouſands drown'd.
When credit ſunk, and commerce gaſping lay,
Thou ſtood'ſt; nor ſent'ſt one bill unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on *Martin*'s boards,
And *Atwell*'s ſelf was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou ſtood'ſt (an *Indian* king in ſize and hue)
Thy unexhauſted ſhop was our *Peru*.

Why did '*Change-Alley* waſte *thy* precious hours,
Among the fools who gap'd for golden ſhow'rs?
No wonder if we found ſome *Poets* there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
No wonder they were caught by *South-Sea* ſchemes
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
No wonder, they their third ſubſcriptions ſold,
For millions of imaginary gold:

No wonder, that their fancies wild could frame
Strange reaſons, that a thing is ſtill the ſame,
Tho' chang'd throughout in ſubſtance and in name.
But you (whoſe judgement ſcorns poetic flights)
With contracts furniſh boys for paper kites.

Let vulture *H——ns* ſtretch forth his ruſty throat,
Who'd ruin thouſands for a ſingle groat.
I know thou ſpurn'ſt his mean, his ſordid mind:
Nor with ideal debts would'ſt plague mankind.
Why ſtrive his greedy hands to graſp at more?—
The wretch was born to want, whoſe ſoul is poor.

Madmen alone their empty dreams purſue,
And ſtill believe the fleeting viſion true;
They ſell the treaſure which their ſlumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to inſtruct thee all my reaſons fail,
Yet be *divert.d* by this moral tale.—

Through fam'd *Moorfields* extends a ſpacious ſeat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat:
Where wrapp'd in contemplation and in ſtraw,
The wiſer few from the mad world withdraw.

There,

There, in full opulence a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His ſide-board glittered with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vaſt eſtate.

As on a time he paſs'd the vacant hours,
In raiſing piles of ſtraw and twiſting bow'rs;
A poet enter'd of the neigb'ring cell,
And with fix'd eyes obſerv'd the ſtructure well.
A ſharpen'd ſkewer croſs his bare ſhoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.

The banker cry'd, "Behold my caſtle walls,
"My ſtatues, gardens, fountains and canals;
"With land of twenty thouſand acres round!
"All theſe I ſell thee for ten thouſand pound."

The bard with wonder the cheap purchaſe ſaw,
So ſign'd the contract (as ordains the law.)

The banker's brain was cool'd, the miſt grew clear:
The viſionary ſcene was loſt in air.
He now the vaniſh'd proſpect underſtood,
And fear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good:

Yet loath the ſum entire ſhould be deſtroy'd ;
" Give me a penny, and thy contract's void.

The ſtartled bard with eye indignant frown'd.
" Shall I, ye Gods (he cries) my debts compound !"
So ſaying, from his rug the ſkewer he takes :
And on the ſtick ten equal notches makes :
With juſt reſentment ſlings it on the ground ;
" There take my tally of ten thouſand pound."

ON

ON A

MISCELLANY of POEMS,

TO

BERNARD LINTOTT.

Ipſa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis; quædam fortaſſe omnibus placeant.

PLIN. Epiſt.

AS when ſome ſkilful cook, to pleaſe each gueſt,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feaſt,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills his diſh with diff'rent ſorts of fare,
Fiſhes and fowls deliciouſly unite,
To feaſt at once the taſte, the ſmell, and ſight.

So, *Bernard*, muſt a miſcellany be
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;

The muſes o'lio, which all taſtes may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.

Wouldſt thou for miſcellanies raiſe thy fame;
And bravely rival *Jacob*'s mighty name,
Let all the muſes in the piece conſpire,
The lyric bard muſt ſtrike th' harmonious lyre;
Heroic ſtrains muſt here and there be found,
And nervous ſenſe be ſung in lofty ſound;
Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill ſome pages with melodious woe;
Let not your am'rous ſongs too num'rous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love;
Satire muſt interfere, whoſe pointed rage
May laſh the madneſs of a vicious age;
Satire, the Muſe that never fails to hit,
For if there's ſcandal, to be ſure there's wit.
Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
Thoſe ſwell the piece, but very rarely pleaſe:
Let ſhort-breath'd epigram its force confine,
And ſtrike at follies in a ſingle line:
Tranſlations ſhould throughout the work be ſown,
And *Homer*'s godlike muſe be made our own;

Horace in uſeful numbers ſhould be ſung,
And *Virgil*'s thoughts adorn the *Britiſh* tongue;
Let *Ovid* tell *Corinna*'s hard diſdain,
And at her door in melting notes complain:
His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the liſt'ning ear with tales of love.
Let ev'ry claſſic in the volume ſhine,
And each contribute to thy great deſign:
Through various ſubjects let the reader range,
And raiſe his fancy with a grateful change;
Variety's the ſource of joy below,
From whence ſtill freſh revolving pleaſures flow.
In books and love, the mind one end purſues,
And only *change* th' expiring flame renews.

Where *Buckingham* will condeſcend to give,
That honour'd piece to diſtant times muſt live;
When noble *Sheffield* ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings,
The little loves rejoice, and clap their wings,
Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious ſwain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted ſtrain,
'Tis he—our loſt *Anacreon* lives again.
But when th' illuſtrious poet ſoars above
The ſportive revels of the god of love,

Like *Maro's* muſe he takes a loftier flight,
And tow'rs beyond the wond'ring *Cupid's* ſight.

If thou wouldſt have thy volume ſtand the teſt,
And of all others be reputed beſt,
Let *Congreve* teach the liſt'ning groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair *Paſtora's* Urn.

Let *Prior's* muſe with ſoft'ning accents move,
Soft as the ſtrains of conſtant *Emma's* love:
Or let his fancy chuſe ſome jovial theme,
As when he told *Hans Carvel's* jealous dream;
Prior th' admiring reader entertains,
With *Chaucer's* humour, and with *Spencer's* ſtrains.

Waller in *Granville* lives; when *Mira* ſings
With *Waller's* hand he ſtrikes the ſounding ſtrings,
With ſprightly turns his noble genius ſhines,
And manly ſenſe adorns his eaſie lines.

On *Addiſon's* ſweet lays attention waits,
And ſilence guards the place while he repeats;
His muſe alike on ev'ry ſubject charms,
Whether ſhe paints the god of love, or arms:
In him pathetic *Ovid* ſings again,
And *Homer's Illiad* ſhines in his *Campaign*.

Whenever

Whenever *Garth* ſhall raiſe his ſprightly ſong,
Senſe flows in eaſie numbers from his tongue;
Great *Phœbus* in his learned ſon we ſee,
Alike in phyſic, as in poetry.

When *Pope*'s harmonious muſe with pleaſure roves,
Amidſt the plains, the murm'ring ſtreams, and groves,
Attentive echo, pleas'd to hear his ſongs,
Thro' the glad ſhade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our raviſh'd ears,
His ſteady judgment far out-ſhoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.

From theſe ſucceſsful bards collect thy ſtrains:
And praiſe with profit ſhall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves-leather binding bears the ſway,
And ſheep-ſkin to its ſleeker gloſs gives way;
While neat old *Elzevir* is reckon'd better
Than *Pirate Hill*'s brown ſheets, and ſcurvy letter;
While print admirers careful *Aldus* chuſe
Before *John Morphew*, or the weekly news:
So long ſhall live thy praiſe in books of fame,
And *Tonſon* yield to *Lintott*'s lofty name.

BALLAD

BALLAD.

OF all the girls that e'er were ſeen,
There's none ſo fine as *Nelly*,
For charming face, and ſhape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye:
Oh! the turn'd neck, and ſmooth white ſkin
Of lovely deareſt *Nelly!*
For many a ſwain it well had been
Had ſhe ne'er been at *Calai-*.

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
(Invited by her couſins)
Acroſs the *Tuilleries* each glance
Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole dozens.
The king, as he at dinner ſat,
Did beckon to his huſſar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming *Nell* to buſs her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
To ſee her ſo reſpected;
The men look'd arch, as *Nelly* ſtrok'd,
And puſs her tail erected.
But not a man did look imploy,
Except on pretty *Nelly*,
Then ſaid the Duke *de Villeroy*,
Ah! qu'elle eſt bien jolie!

But who's that great philoſopher,
That carefully looks at her?
By his concern it ſhould appear,
The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier ſly,)
He on his child does leer too:
I wiſh he has no mind to try
What ſome papa's will here do.

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in *Nelly*'s praiſes,
Admir'd her *Roſe*, and *Lys ſans farde*,
(Which are your *Termes Francoiſes.*)

Then

Then might you ſee a painted ring
Of dames that ſtood by *Nelly*;
She like the pride of all the Spring,
And they, like *Fleurs de Palais*.

In *Marli*'s gardens, and St. *Clou*,
I ſaw this charming *Nelly*,
Where ſhameleſs nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *allée*:
But *Venus* had a brazen face
Both at *Verſailles* and *Meudon*,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her place,
And left the ſtone ſhe ſtood on.

Were *Nelly*'s figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' *Italian*:
Lord! how thoſe foreigners would ſtare!
But I ſhould turn *Pygmalion*:
For ſpite of lips, and eyes and mien,
Me, nothing can delight ſo,
As does that part that lies between
Her left toe, and her right toe.

A

BALLAD

ON

QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When Ay ſaid ay, and No ſaid no,
Without or place or fee;
Then *Satan*, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his ſpirit call'd *Quadrille*.
Quadrille, *Quadrille*, &c.

II.

Kings, queens and knaves, made up his pack,
And four fair ſuits he wore ;
His troops they were with red and black
All blotch'd and ſpotted o'er ;
And ev'ry houſe go where you will,
Is haunted by this imp *Quadrille*, &c.

III.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
Which well court-cards they name,
And ſtateſman-like, calls in the king,
To help out a bad game ;
But if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to loſe *Codille*, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in *Cupid*'s books enroll'd,
And call'd a *Party Quarrée* ;
But now meet when and where you will,
A *Party Quarrée* is *Quadrille*, &c.

V. The

V.

The commoner, the knight, and peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfill,
When the good husband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous case,
In comes the *Apothecary*;
And to the doctor cries, Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:
The patient dies without a pill,
For why? the doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VII.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,
The *Muscovite* grow louder;
Britain to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Must want both sword and gun to kill:
For why? the general's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VIII.

The king of late drew forth his ſword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath)
And made, of many a ſquire and lord,
An unwaſh'd knight of *Bath:*
What are their feats of arms and ſkill?
They're but nine parties at *Quadrille*, &c.

IX.

A party late at *Cambray* met,
Which drew all *Europe*'s eyes;
'Twas call'd in *Poſt-Boy* and *Gazette*
The *Quadruple Allies*;
But ſome-body took ſomething ill,
So broke this party at *Quadrille*, &c.

X.

And now, God ſave this noble realm,
And God ſave eke *Hanover*;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the helm,
When as the king goes over;
But let the king go where he will,
His ſubjects muſt play at *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, *Quadrille*, &c.

A

NEW SONG

OF

NEW SIMILES.

MY paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong ;
I ſit all ſober ſad ;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a *March* hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow ;
I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For tho' as drunk as *David*'s ſow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could ſee
The reſt of womankind.

Like a ſtuck pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care,
Sleek as mouſe before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And ſoft as ſilk my ſkin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or ſtone,
She laughs to ſee me pale,
And merry as a grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled-ale,

The God of Love at her approach
Is buſy as a bee,
Hearts ſound as any bell or roach,
Are ſmit and ſigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her;
But ſoon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be if without her.

Strait as my leg her ſhape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be ſcot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are,
Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet:

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites ;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper, bites :

Briſk as a body-louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt ;
Sweet as a roſe her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breaſt.

Full as an egg was I with glee ;
And happy as a king.
Good L—d ! how all men envy'd me !
She lov'd like any thing,

But falſe as hell, ſhe, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her ſex muſt do ;
Tho' ſeeming as the turtle kind,
And like the goſpel true.

If I and *Molly* could agree,
Let who would take *Peru !*
Great as an emp'ror ſhould I be,
And richer than a *Jew* ;

Till

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any poſt;
Let us like burs, together ſtick,
And warm as any toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wiſh me better ſped;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, ſhe'll drop a tear
And ſigh perhaps, and wiſh,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fiſh.

Newgate's Garland;

BEING

A NEW BALLAD,

SHEWING

How Mr. JONATHAN WILD's Throat was cut from Ear to Ear with a Penknife,

By Mr. BLAKE, alias BLUESKIN, the Bold HIGHWAYMAN,

As he ſtood at his Trial in the *Old-Baily*, 1725.

To the Tune of the Cut-purſe.

YE gallants of *Newgate*, whoſe fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice.
Ye ſharpers ſo rich, who can buy off the nooſe,
Ye honeſter poor rogues, who die in your ſhoes,
Attend and draw near,
Good news you ſhall hear,
How *Jonathan*'s throat was cut from ear to ear;

How

How *Blueſkin*'s ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

II.

When to the *Old-Baily* this *Blueſkin* was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read,
Loud rattled his chains, near him *Jonathan* ſtood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then hopeleſs of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a ſad widow of *Jonathan*'s wife.
But forty pounds paid her, her grief ſhall appeaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

III.

Some ſay there are courtiers of higheſt renown,
Who ſteal the king's gold, and leave him but a crown;
Some ſay there are peers, and ſome parliament-men,
Who meet once a year to rob courtiers again:
Let them all take their ſwing,
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon inſtead of a ſtring.
Now *Blueſkin*'s ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob if he pleaſe.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies penſions;
Phyſicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees;
Since this happy day,
Now ev'ry man may
Rob (as ſafe as in Office) upon the highway.
For *Blueſkin*'s ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob if he pleaſe.

V.

Some cheat in the cuſtoms, ſome rob the exciſe,
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt wiſe.
Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to ſteal from the altar:
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, ſince *Jonathan*'s cold.
For *Blueſkin*'s ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob if he pleaſe.

THE

THE

QUIDNUNKI'S:

A

TALE.

OCCASIONED

By the Death of the DUKE REGENT of

FRANCE.

HOW vain are mortal man's endeavours?
(Said at * Dame *Elleot*'s, Maſter *Tr—*)
Good *Orleans* dead! in truth 'tis hard:
Oh! may all Stateſmen die prepar'd!

* A coffee-houſe near St. *James's*.

I do foreſee (and for fore-ſeeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be diſbanded.
——— I wiſh the King were ſafely landed.
Ah friends! great changes threat the land;
All *France* and *England* at a ſtand!
There's *Merowveis*—mark! ſtrange work!
And there's the *Czar*, and there's the *Turk*——
The *Pope*——An *India* merchant by,
Cut ſhort the ſpeech with this reply.

ALL at a ſtand? You ſee great changes?
Ah, Sir! you never ſaw the *Ganges*.
There dwell the nations of *Quidnunki's*,
(So *Monomotapa* calls monkies:)
On either bank, from bough to bough,
They meet and chat (as we may now.)
Whiſpers go round, they grin, they ſhrug,
They bow, they ſnarl, they ſcratch, they hug;
And, juſt as chance, or whim provoke them,
They either bite their friends, or ſtroke them.

THERE have I ſeen ſome active prig
To ſhew his parts, beſtride a twig:

L—d!

L—d! how the chatt'ring tribe admire,
Not that he's wiſer, but he's higher:
All long to try the vent'rous thing,
(For pow'r is but to have one's ſwing.)
From ſide to ſide he ſprings, he ſpurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns,
Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
Down the ſwift ſtream the wretch is borne;
Never, ah never, to return!

Z——ds! what a fall had our dear brother;
Morbleu! cries one, and damme, t'other.
The nations give a gen'ral ſcreech,
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to ſteal.

A WHILE, all eyes intent and ſteddy,
Purſue him, whirling down the eddy.
But out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew;
And buſineſs, on each monkey ſhore,
Runs the ſame track it went before.

AY and NO:

A

FABLE.

IN fable all things hold diſcourſe;
Then Words, no doubt, muſt talk of courſe.

ONCE on a time, near Cannon-Row,
Two hoſtile adverbs, AY and NO,
Were haſt'ning to the field of fight,
And front to front ſtood oppoſite,
Before each general join'd the van,
AY, the more courteous knight, began.

STOP,

STOP, peeviſh particle, beware!
I'm told you are not ſuch a bear,
But ſometimes yield, when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon' folks awhile to tattle;
'Tis We who muſt decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder ſtage
With various fate, and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That NO gives AY, and AY gives NO;
Yet in expenſive long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or penſion.
Why then ſhould kinsfolks quarrel thus?
(For, two of you make one of us.)
To ſome wiſe ſtateſman let us go,
Where each his proper uſe may know.
He may admit two ſuch commanders;
And make thoſe wait who ſerv'd in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treas'ry lord, not maiſter Y——g.
Obſequious at his high command,
AY ſhall march forth to tax the land:
Impeachments, NO can beſt reſiſt,
And AY ſupport the civil liſt:

AY! quick as Cæſar wins the day;
And NO, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual ſly diſguiſe,
Let AY's ſeem NO's, and NO's ſeem AY's;
AY's be in courts denials meant,
And NO's in biſhops give conſent.

THUS AY propos'd——And for reply,
NO, for the firſt time anſwer'd AY!
They parted with a thouſand kiſſes,
And fight e'er ſince for pay, like Swiſſes.

THE

THE

Lamentation *of* Glumdalclitch

FOR THE

Loſs *of* Grildrig.

A

PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miſs'd her pleaſing care,
She wept, ſhe blubber'd, and ſhe tore her hair.
No Britiſh miſs ſincerer grief has known,
Her ſquirrel miſſing, or her ſparrow flown.

She

She furl'd her ſampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And ſtuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then ſpread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now ſhe roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her ſorrow ſtill appears,
Her locks diſhevell'd, and her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of ſome rich ſwain,
When from the thatch drips faſt a ſhow'r of rain.

IN vain ſhe ſearch'd each cranny of the houſe,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouſe.
"Was it for this (ſhe cry'd) with daily care
"Within thy reach I ſet the vinegar!
"And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
"While pepper-water worms thy bait ſupply'd
"Where twin'd the ſilver eel around thy hook,
"And all the little monſters of the brook.
"Sure in that lake he dropt: My Grilly's drown'd."—
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

"VAIN is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boaſt:
"But little creatures enterpriſe the moſt.

"Trembling,

" Trembling, I've ſeen thee dare the kitten's paw,
" Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
" Nor fear'd the marbles, as they bounding flew:
" Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.

" WHY did I truſt thee with that giddy youth!
" Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
" Vers'd in court tricks, that money-loving boy
" To ſome lord's daughter ſold the living toy;
" Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,
" As children tear the wings of flies away.
" From place to place o'er Brobdinag I'll roam,
" And never will return, or bring thee home.
" But who hath eyes to trace the paſſing wind?
" How then thy fairy footſteps can I find?
" Doſt thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
" In the green thicket of a moſſy ſtone,
" Or tumbled from the toadſtool's ſlippery round,
" Perhaps all maim'd, lie grovelling on the ground?
" Doſt thou imboſom'd in the lovely roſe,
" Or ſunk within the peach's down repoſe?
" Within the king-cup if thy limbs are ſpread,
" Or in the golden cowſlip's velvet head:

" O ſhew

" O ſhew me, Flora, 'midſt thoſe ſweets, the flow'r
" Where ſleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bow'r!

" BUT ah! I fear thy little fancy roves,
" On little females, and on little loves;
" Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny ſpouſe,
" The baby playthings that adorn thy houſe,
" Doors, windows, chimneys, and the ſpacious rooms
" Equal in ſize to cells of honeycombs.
" Haſt thou for theſe now ventur'd from the ſhore,
" Thy bark a bean-ſhell, and a ſtraw thy oar?
" Or in thy box now bounding on the main?
" Shall I ne'er bear thyſelf and houſe again?
" And ſhall I ſet thee on my hand no more,
" To ſee thee leap the lines, and traverſe o'er
" My ſpacious palm? of ſtature ſcarce a ſpan,
" Mimic the actions of a real man?

" No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
" As ſeamen at a capſtern anchors weigh?
" How waſt thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
" A diſh of tea, like milk-pail on thy head?

" How

"How chace the mite that bore thy cheeſe away,
"And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?"

SHE ſaid; but broken accents ſtopt her voice,
Soft as the ſpeaking-trumpet's mellow noiſe:
She ſobb'd a ſtorm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which ſeem'd like two broad ſuns in miſty ſkies!—
O! ſquander not thy grief; thoſe tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle ſhall preſerve the fiſh,
And Europe taſte thy ſorrows in a diſh.

MARY

MARY GULLIVER

TO

Capt. Lemuel Gulliver.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, ſome time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympſon's *in the Country, Mrs.* Gulliver, *apprehending from his late Behaviour ſome Eſtrangement of his Affections, writes him the following expoſtulating, ſoothing, and tenderly complaining Epiſtle.*

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
—— What, touch me not? What, ſhun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious abſence borne,
And wak'd and wiſh'd whole nights for thy return?

In

In five long years I took no ſecond ſpouſe;
What Rotherhithe wife ſo long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your noſe, inconſtancy betray;
Your noſe you ſtop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis ſaid that thou ſhouldſt *cleave unto thy wife*;
Once thou didſt cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan,
Be kind at leaſt to theſe, they are thy own:
Be bold, and count them all; ſecure to find
The honeſt number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why ſtart you? are they ſnakes? or have they claws?
Thy Chriſtian ſeed, our mutual fleſh and bone:
Be kind at leaſt to theſe, they are thy own.

* Biddel, like thee, might fartheſt India rove;
He chang'd his country, but retains his love.
There's captain Pannell, abſent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannel's wife is brown, compar'd to me,
And Miſtreſs Biddel ſure is fifty-three.

---

* Names of the ſea captains mentioned in Gulliver's Travels.

NOT touch me! Never neighbour call'd me ſlut:
Was Flimnap's dame more ſweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At leaſt thy conſort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty ſtable-boy thy care?
What mean thoſe viſits to the ſorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what dæmon led,
Preferr'ſt thou litter to the marriage-bed!

SOME ſay the dev'l himſelf is in that mare:
If ſo our Dean ſhall drive him forth by pray'r;
Some think you mad, ſome think you are poſſeſt,
That Bedlam and clean ſtraw will ſuit you beſt.
Vain means, alas, this phrenzy to appeaſe!
That ſtraw, that ſtraw would heighten the diſeaſe.

MY bed (the ſcene of all our former joys,
Witneſs two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I preſs; in dreams I call my dear,
I ſtretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I riſe, and ſhiv'ring with the froſt,
Search all the houſe: my Gulliver is loſt!
Forth in the ſtreets I ruſh with frantic cries;
The windows open; all the neighbours riſe:

Where

Where ſleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
The neighbours anſwer, "With the ſorrel mare."

AT early morn', I to the market haſte,
Studious in ev'ry thing to pleaſe thy taſte;)
A curious fowl and 'ſparagus I choſe,
(For I remember'd you were fond of thoſe,)
Three ſhillings coſt the firſt, the laſt ſev'n groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.

OTHERS bring goods and treaſure to their houſes,
Something to deck their pretty babes and ſpouſes;
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to ſee
The groom and ſorrel mare preferr'd to me!

THESE, for ſome moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due diſtance) ſweet diſcourſe admit,
'Tis all my pleaſure thy paſt toil to know,
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
At ev'ry danger, pants thy conſort's breaſt,
And gaping infants ſquall to hear the reſt.
How did I tremble when by thouſands bound,
I ſaw thee ſtretch'd on Lilliputian ground;

When ſcaling armies climb'd up ev'ry part,
Each ſtep they trod, I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, ſtaring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my huſband came,
And what extinguiſh'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Thoſe ſpectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to ſave,
Were once my preſent; Love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he ſign'd thy death, he ſentenc'd me.

WHEN folks might ſee thee all the country round
For ſix-pence, I'd have given a thouſand pound.
Lord! when that giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I ſaw thee ramm'd,
Or on the houſe-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heav'n, twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too! —— with thee I mourn her caſe:
Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all diſgrace!

O may

O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life alas! I fear prov'd death to thee.

O TEACH me, Dear, new words to speak my flame!
Teach me to wooe thee by thy best lov'd name;
Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And hallow'd in his ear intrigues of state:
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings:
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings;
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title sooth thy ear:
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhym thro' the nose,
I'd call thee Houyhnhym, that high sounding name,
Thy childrens noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endu'd with all the virtues of a horse.

TO

QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

THE

MAN-MOUNTAIN:

A

LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

I.

IN amaze
Loſt, I gaze.
Can our eyes
Reach thy ſize?
May my lays
Swell with praiſe,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muſe inſpire,
All thy fire!

Bards of old
Of him told,
When they ſaid
Atlas' head
Propt the ſkies :
See ! and believe your eyes ?

II.

See him ſtride
Valleys wide :
Over woods,
Over floods.
When he treads,
Mountains heads
Groan and ſhake :
Armies quake,
Leſt his ſpurn
Overturn
Man and ſteed,
Troops take heed !
Left and right
Speed your flight !
Leſt an hoſt
Beneath his foot be loſt.

III. Turn'd

III.

Turn'd aſide
From his hide,
Safe from wound
Darts rebound.
From his noſe
Clouds he blows:
When he ſpeaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune ſhrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand,
Let me ſtand,
So ſhall I,
(Lofty Poet!) touch the ſky.

VERSES

To be placed under the PICTURE OF

Sir R—— B———,

ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET;

CONTAINING

A Compleat CATALOGUE of his WORKS.

SEE who ne'er was nor will be half read:
Who firſt ſang (1) Arthur, then ſang (2) Alfred;
Prais'd great (3) Eliza in God's anger,
Till all true Engliſhmen cry'd, Hang her!
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a——
And hang'd up Marlborough in (4) arras;
Then hiſs'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite;
Made ev'ry reader curſe the (5) light;

Maul'd

(1) Two Heroic Poems, in folio, twenty books.
(2) Heroic Poem, in twelve books.
(3) Heroic Poem, in folio, ten books.
(4) Inſtructions to Vanderbank, a tapeſtry weaver.
(5) Hymn to the light.

(6) Satire

Maul'd human wit in one thick (6) ſatire,
Next in three books, ſpoil'd (7) human nature;
Undid (8) creation at a jirk,
And of (9) redemption made damn'd work.
Then took his muſe at once and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.
What wonders there the man grown old, did!
Sternhold himſelf he out-Sternholded,
Made (10) David ſeem ſo mad and freakiſh,
All thought him juſt what thought king Achiz.
No mortal read his (11) Solomon,
But judg'd Re'boam his own ſon.
Moſes he ſerv'd as Moſes Pharaoh,
And Deborah, as She Siſe-rah:
Made (13) Jeremy full ſore to cry,
And (14) Job himſelf curſe God and die.

---

(6) Satire againſt wit.
(7) Of the nature of man.
(8) Creation, a Poem, in ſeven books.
(9) The Redeemer, another Heroic Poem in ſix books.
(10) Tranſlation of all the Pſalms.
(11) Canticles and Eccleſiaſtes.
(12) Paraphraſe of the Canticles of Moſes and Deborah, &c.
(13) The Lamentations.
(14) The whole Book of Job, a Poem, in folio.

What

What puniſhment all this muſt follow?
Shall Arthur uſe him like king Tollo?
Shall David as Uriah ſlay him?
Or dext'rous Deb'rah Siſera-him?
Or ſhall Eliza lay a plot,
To treat him like her ſiſter Scot?
Shall William dub his better end *,
Or Marlborough ſerve him like a *friend?*
No!—none of theſe!—heav'n ſpare his life!
But ſend him, honeſt Job, thy wife!

---

* Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the ſhoulder.

BOUNCE to FOP,

AN

EPISTLE

FROM A

DOG at TWICKENHAM,

TO A

DOG at COURT.

TO thee, ſweet *Fop*, theſe lines I ſend,
Who, tho' no ſpaniel, am a friend.
Tho', once my tail in wanton play,
Now friſking this and then that way,
Chanc'd, with a touch of juſt the tip,
To hurt your Lady-lap-dog-ſhip;

Yet

Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off;
Sure *Bounce* is one you never read of.

Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg;
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can ſtoop to pick up ſtrings or ſticks;
We country dogs love nobler ſport,
And ſcorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie naughty *Fop!* where'er you come
To ſh-t and p-ſs about the room,
To lay your head in every lap,
And when they think not of you—ſnap:
The worſt that envy, or that ſpite
E'er ſaid of me, is I *can* bite;
That idle gypſies, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that to touze ſuch things as *flutter*,
To honeſt *Bounce* is bread and butter.

While you and every courtly ſop,
Fawn on the devil for a chop;
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, tho' he brings me meat:

And let me tell you, have a noſe,
(Whatever ſtinking fops ſuppoſe)
That under cloth of gold or tiſſue
Can ſmell a plaiſter, or an iſſue.
Your pilf'ring lord, with ſimple pride
May wear a pick-lock at his ſide:
My maſter wants no key of ſtate,
For *Bounce* can keep his houſe and gate.

When all ſuch dogs have had their days,
As knaviſh *Pams* and fawning *Trays*:
When pamper'd Cupids, beaſtly Veni's,
And motly, ſquinting Harlequini's *
Shall lick no more their lady's br——,
Shall die of looſeneſs, claps, or itch;
Fair Thames from either ecchoing ſhore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See *Bounce*, like *Berecynthia*, crown'd
With thund'ring offspring all around,
Beneath, beſide me, and a top,
A hundred ſons! and not one *Fop*.

* Alii legunt *Harvequini's*.

Before

Before my children ſet your beef,
Not one true *Bounce* will be a thief;
Not one without permiſſion feed,
(Tho' ſome of J—ns hungry breed)
But whatſoe'er the father's race,
From me they ſuck a little grace.
While your fine whelps learn all to ſteal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldeſt born reſides not far
Where ſhines great *Strafford*'s glitt'ring ſtar;
My ſecond (child of Fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates;
A third majeſtically ſtalks,
(Happieſt of dogs) in *Cobham*'s walks!
One uſhers friends to *Bathurſt*'s door,
One fawns at *Oxford*'s on the poor.

Nobles whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace,
Can hope a puppy of my race.
And Oh! would fate the bliſs decree
To mine (a bliſs too great for me)

That two my talleſt ſons, might grace
Attending each with ſtately pace
Iülus' ſide, as erſt *Evander's* *
To keep off flatt'rers, ſpies and panders;
To let no noble ſlave come near,
And ſcare Lord *Fannies* from his ear:
Then might a royal youth and true
Enjoy at leaſt a friend—or two;
A treaſure which of royal kind,
Few but himſelf deſerve to find;
Then *Bounce* ('tis all that *Bounce* can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.

---

* Virg. Æn. 8.

A BALLAD

A

BALLAD.

ON

ALE*.

I.

WHILST ſome in Epic ſtrains delight,
Whilſt others Paſtorals invite,
As taſte or whim prevail ;
Aſſiſt me all ye tuneful Nine,
Support me in the great deſign,
To ſing of nappy Ale.

II.

Some folks of Cyder make a rout,
And Cyder's well enough no doubt,
When better liquors fail;
But Wine, that's richer, better ſtill,
Ev'n Wine itſelf, (deny't who will)
Muſt yield to nappy Ale.

III.

Rum, Brandy, Gin with choiceſt ſmack
From Holland brought, Batavia 'Arrack,
All theſe will nought avail
To chear a truly Britiſh heart,
And lively ſpirits to impart,
Like humming, nappy Ale.

IV.

Oh! whether thee I cloſely hug
In honeſt can, or nut-brown jug,
Or in the tankard hail;
In barrel, or in bottle pent,
I give the gen'rous ſpirit vent,
Still may I feaſt on Ale.

V.

But chief, when to the chearful glaſs
From veſſel pure thy ſtreamlets paſs,
Then moſt thy charms prevail;
Then, then, I'll bett, and take the odds,
That nectar, drink of heathen gods,
Was poor, compar'd to Ale.

VI.

Give me a bumper, fill it up.
See how it ſparkles in the cup,
O how ſhall I regale!
Can any taſte this drink divine,
And then compare Rum, Brandy, Wine,
Or aught with nappy Ale.

VII.

Inſpir'd by thee, the warrior fights,
The lover wooes, the poet writes,
And pens the pleaſing tale;
And ſtill in Britain's iſle confeſs'd
Nought animates the patriot's breaſt
Like gen'rous, nappy Ale.

VIII. High

VIII.

High Church and Low oft raiſe a ſtrife,
And oft endanger limb and life,
Each ſtudious to prevail;
Yet Whig and Tory oppoſite
In all things elſe, do both unite
In praiſe of nappy Ale.

IX.

Inſpir'd by thee, ſhall Criſpin ſing,
Or talk of freedom, church, and king,
And balance Europe's ſcale;
While his rich landlord lays out ſchemes
Of wealth, in golden South Sea dreams,
Th' effects of nappy Ale.

X.

O bleſt potation! ſtill by thee,
And thy companion Liberty,
Do health and mirth prevail;
Then let us crown the can, the glaſs,
And ſportive bid the minutes paſs
In quaffing nappy Ale.

XI.

Ev'n while theſe ſtanzas I indite,
The bar-bell's grateful ſounds invite
Where joy can never fail!
Adieu! my Muſe, adieu! I haſte
To gratify my longing taſte
With copious draughts of ALE.

AN

ELEGIAC EPISTLE

TO

A FRIEND*.

Written by Mr. GAY, when he laboured under a Dejection of Spirits.

I.

FRIEND of my youth, ſhedd'ſt thou the pitying tear
O'er the ſad relics of my happier days,
Of nature tender, as of ſoul ſincere,
Pour'ſt thou for me the melancholy lays?

H. Oh!

II.

Oh! truly ſaid!—the diſtant landſcape bright,
Whoſe vivid colours glitter'd on the eye
Is faded now, and ſunk in ſhades of night,
As, on ſome chilly eve, the cloſing flow'rets die.

III.

Yet had I hop'd, when firſt, in happier times,
I trod the magic paths where Fancy led,
The Muſe to foſter in more friendly climes,
Where never Mis'ry rear'd its hated head.

IV.

How vain the thought! Hope after hope expires!
Friend after friend, joy after joy is loſt;
My deareſt wiſhes feed the fun'ral fires,
And life is purchas'd at too dear a coſt.

V

Yet, could my heart the ſelfiſh comfort know,
That not alone I murmur and complain;
Well might I find companions in my woe,
All born to Grief, the family of Pain!

VI. Full

VI.

Full well I know, in life's uncertain road,
The thorns of mis'ry are profuſely ſown;
Full well I know, in this low vile abode,
Beneath the chaſt'ning rod what numbers groan.

VII.

Born to a happier ſtate, how many pine
Beneath th' oppreſſor's pow'r, or feel the ſmart
Of bitter want, or foreign evils join
To the ſad ſymptoms of a broken heart!

VIII.

How many, fated from their birth to view
Misfortunes growing with their rip'ning years;
The ſame ſad track, through various ſcenes, purſue,
Still journeying onward through a vale of tears.

IX.

To them, alas! what boots the light of heav'n,
While ſtill new mis'ries mark their deſtin'd way,
Whether to their unhappy lot be giv'n
Death's long, ſad night, or life's ſhort buſy day!

X. Me

X.

Me not ſuch themes delight;—I more rejoice,
When chance ſome happier, better change I ſee,
Though no ſuch change await *my* luckleſs choice,
And mountains riſe between my hopes and me.

XI.

For why ſhould he who roves the dreary waſte,
Still joy on ev'ry ſide to view the gloom,
Or when upon the couch of ſickneſs plac'd,
Well pleas'd ſurvey a hapleſs neighbour's tomb;

XII.

If e'er a gleam of comfort glads my ſoul,
If e'er my brow to wonted ſmiles unbends,
'Tis when the fleeting minutes as they roll,
Can add one gleam of pleaſure to my friends.

XIII.

Ev'n in theſe ſhades, the laſt retreat of grief
Some tranſient bleſſings will that thought beſtow;
To Melancholy's ſelf yield ſome relief,
And eaſe the breaſt ſurcharg'd with mortal woe.

XIV.

Long has my bark in rudeſt tempeſts toſs'd,
Buffetted ſeas, and ſtemm'd life's hoſtile wave:
Suffice it now, in all my wiſhes croſs'd,
To ſeek a peaceful harbour in the grave.

XV.

And when that hour ſhall come, (as come it muſt,)
Ere many moons their waning horns increaſe,
When this frail frame ſhall mix with kindred duſt,
And all its fond purſuits and troubles ceaſe.

XVI.

When thoſe black gates that ever open ſtand,
Receive me on th' irremeable ſhore,
When Life's frail glaſs has run its lateſt ſand,
And the dull jeſt repeated charms no more.

XVII.

Then may my friend weep o'er the fun'ral hearſe,
Then may his preſence gild the awful gloom,
And his laſt tribute be ſome mournful verſe,
To mark the ſpot that holds my ſilent tomb.——

XVIII. This

XVIII.

This—and no more :—— the reſt let Heav'n provide,
To which reſign'd, I muſt my weal or woe,
Aſſur'd howe'er its juſtice ſhall decide,
To find nought worſe than I have left below.

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN'S ANSWER TO THE LILIPUTIAN VERSES.

LITTLE thing!
I would ſing,
Lofty ſong,
Meaſure long;
But I fear,
That thine ear
Such a poem could not bear.

Therefore

Therefore I
Mean to try
Humbler lays
Worthy praiſe.
If my ſtrains,
Work'd thee pains,
'Tis not mine,
To divine,
Whether coſt,
Labour loſt,
May on Lilliput be toſs'd.

Horſe and foot
Would you put,
In the way,
Who could ſay,
I had blame,
If they came
Near my ſtride
And beſide
My huge foot gigantic dy'd.

But, while here
I appear

Mountain—ſize,
To little eyes;
All that ſtrain,
Seek in vain,
Whilſt I climb,
Heights ſublime,
To keep pace,
And to trace
My footſteps, as I move with martial grace.

Though; 'tis true,
Praiſe is due,
To your lay,
Yet I pray,
You'll attend,
To a friend.
On my hand,
Should you ſtand;
If thoſe that ſoar,
Fall the low'r,
All Lilliput would yours deplore.

Humbly then,
With little men,

Take

Take your ſtand,
On firm land,
Leſt your place,
Bring diſgrace:
High in air,
Great the care,
To be free
From jeopardy,
Careleſs found,
You might bound,
Little poet! to the ground.

GONDIBERT,

Mountain—ſize,
To little eyes;
All that ſtrain,
Seek in vain,
Whilſt I climb,
Heights ſublime,
To keep pace,
And to trace
My footſteps, as I move with martial grace.

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High in air,
Great the care,
To be free
From jeopardy,
Careleſs found,
You might bound,
Little poet! to the ground.

GONDIBERT,

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH we do not pretend to give the following as the productions of Mr. GAY; yet as we had them from a perſon of undoubted veracity, who aſſures us that they were found amonghis papers after his deceaſe, and as many marks of correction were made in them, ſo there is little doubt that they have undergone the inſpection of that celebrated author.

Conſidering theſe things, and that the *imitation* ſeemed too good to be loſt, we have, on mature deliberation, given theſe Canto's a place in this work, and have the greateſt hopes that they will prove agreeable to our readers.

GONDIBERT,

A

POEM.

(Continued from Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT.)

BOOK III.——CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.

The Duke to ſolitude and ſhades retires:
Young Goltho burns with lewd, unhallow'd fires:
The prieſts the nuptial rites prepare in vain,
Ead news arriving from the Breſcian plain.

AND now the gentle duke (with all his train)
And Rhodolind, to ſplendid courts repair,
Where Aribert deſigns a ſon to gain,
Whoſe worth the greateſt of his peers declare.

2.

He gives him honours, won by merit true,
And praiſe (moſt grateful food of worthy minds)
And promiſe ſtill of empire doth renew,
With vows, diſpers'd in air by envious winds.

3.

Him Gondibert with duteous ſpeech addreſs'd,
In loyal rev'rence to the kingly pow'r :—
But cares corrode his ſad and tortur'd breaſt,
Which ev'ry bloſſom of his hopes devour.

4.

The wounds of Love deep in his boſom fix'd,
Immortal *Love*, that triumphs over all
With conſcious worth, and tenderneſs commix'd
For high born Rhodolind, his mind enthral :

5.

He thinks on bloody battles vainly fought,
(For vain is *honour* gain'd, where *peace* is loſt,
And rues the ills which blind ambition wrought,
And lovers in their deareſt wiſhes croſs'd.

6. Ye

6.

Yet deems he Arnold's fate untimely ſlain,
And Hugo's, reſting in the ſilent tomb,
A happier chance than theirs who live in vain,
And hopeleſs wither in their early bloom.

7.

And oft' he wiſhes that his partial lot
Had plac'd him on ſome unfrequented ſhore;
Or given him, tranquil, in the rural cot,
To her whoſe charms he did with zeal adore,

8.

Birtha—whom far beyond ambition's flame
He priz'd;—whoſe love by him alone poſſeſs'd
Beyond the thirſt of glory or of fame
Inſpires his ſoul, and animates his breaſt.

9.

Each object now a ſplendid grace aſſumes,
And ſtrives to tempt him with the pleaſing glare:
Deck'd in their coſtlieſt robes and richeſt plumes,
The ſupple courtiers flatt'ring ſtrains prepare.

10.

All gay and rich;—but far above the reſt,
Imperial Rhodolind in beauty ſhone,
As the fair moon, that bright'ning in the Eaſt,
Outſhines the ſtars which deck her ev'ning throne.

11.

On Gondibert ſhe fix'd her ardent eye,
On him her thought; on him her ſoul was bent,
Yet oft' her boſom heav'd an anxious ſigh,
And oft' her mind prefag'd ſome ſad event.

12.

But he, ere yet his ſolemn troth he plights,
Aſks a ſhort ſpace to leave Verona's wall,
And while the prieſts prepare the nuptial rites,
To go where vows and pious duties call.

13.

A pilgrimage he feigns, (with eaſe believ'd)
As vow'd in youth to a peculiar ſhrine:
The eaſy king thus piouſly deceiv'd,
Grants his requeſt, and lauds the juſt deſign.

14. But

14.

But he, to Birtha conſtant, ſoon withdrew,
To where thick woods a 'lone receſs afford.
A rural manſion riſing to the view,
Receives him there, and hails its ancient lord.

15.

'Twas where in early youth he wont retire,
To wooe ſweet Solitude, and taſte her charms,
Ere yet his boſom caught the martial fire,
Ere yet his name was great in deeds of arms.

16.

From hence he ſoon diſpatch'd a truſty ſlave
To proud Verona, and the neighb'ring plain,
To ſummon all his try'd companions brave,
Who in the city or the camp remain.

17.

To Hurgonil, his ſiſter Orna's knight,
To Tybalt, great of ſoul, and fam'd afar
For prudent youth;—to Goltho, fierce in fight;
Friends of his houſe and partners of the war.

18.

Among the reſt, a chief there was, who late
Return'd from Northern climes, with glory crown'd,
Who the rough Vandals follow'd like their fate
And bore the mark of many an honeſt wound.

19.

He once aſpir'd to Rhodolinda's charms;
But, early ſlighted, left the cruel fair,
And ſought in fighting fields, by glorious arms,
To wooe a kinder miſtreſs in the war.

20.

He came, with Hurgonil;—the reſt in vain
Were ſummon'd; ſave the loyal, youthful page
Who ſped directly from the Breſcian plain,
With news of ill import and hoſtile rage.

21.

But leave we Gondibert, conſulting theſe,
And what befel the youthful chiefs declare
What foes did Ulfinore and Goltho ſeize
Caught in the wiles of a deceitful fair.

22.

Goltho, who late had to the palace come,
Revolving Dalga's beauties in his mind,
Perceiv'd his *heart* had ſtray'd too far from home,
To follow which his *body* ſoon inclin'd.

23.

And when he heard the prince's will declar'd
To quit the court, full glad the news to know,
He vows no motive ſhall his courſe retard,
On a more luckleſs errand bent to go.

24.

Black Dalga's houſe he ſought, nor ſought in vain,
Nor could he long her wiſh'd appearance wait:
So ready did the fair deceiver deign
To give him welcome at her open gate.

25.

And much enquir'd ſhe of his health and weal,
And much rejoic'd for his unhop'd return;
Feigning ſuch joys as youthful lovers feel,
And flames which in moſt conſtant boſoms burn.

26.

Nor wanted fit excuſe for that ſame flaw
  Which Ulfinore had in her ſtory found;
But blames the rigid ſentence of the law,
  Which (as ſhe pleads) her tongue from truth had bound:

27.

" I own" ſaid ſhe, (and tears her words ſucceed)
  " That not my *mother*, but a wealthy youth
" Found entrance here, whoſe acts my anguiſh breed,
  " And for whoſe ſake you muſt ſuſpect my truth.

28.

" The wretch once ſought me for his wedded wife,
  " My brother ſtill his forward ſuit withſtood,
" But ſince in fighting fields he loſt his life,
  " This hated ſuitor hath his ſiege renew'd.

29.

" Sprung from one ſtock, he bears our ancient name,
  " And ſince by vile devices hath he wrought
" To our paternal fiefs to lay his claim,
  " And by his bribes a cruel ſentence bought.

30. " All

30.

" All that my mother or myſelf did hold,
" The cruel law hath to this fiend convey'd,
" And thence his deſp'rate ſuit hath render'd bold,
" Againſt a widow, and an artleſs maid.

31.

" So, if his viſits I refuſe, he ſwears
" To chace us from our ancient lov'd abode,
" To give us up to poverty and fears,
" And ſeize on all that Fortune hath beſtow'd.

32.

" No other way alas! for me remains
" But him to wed whom from my ſoul I hate,
" Or quit at once my rich and fair domains,
" And rove, abandon'd to my evil fate."

33.

Goltho is touch'd;—he ſwears to plead her cauſe
With royal Aribert; whoſe juſt award
Might ſtand between her and the rigid laws,
And prove her injur'd virtue's ſureſt guard.

34.

And now they haſten from the crowded town
To rural ſeats with Nature's bounty fair
Bedeck'd, where Dalga ſwears his wiſh to crown,
And leads him heedleſs to a fatal ſnare.

35.

But that the good and virtuous Ulfinore,
(Friend of his heart though rival of his love)
Diſguis'd, attends him at the fatal door,
Their parting ſees, and following where they move.

36.

But turn we where the royal bride awaits,
And long-expectant counts the ſlow-pac'd hours,
While Aribert, unknowing of the fates,
Bids conſtant watch attend Verona's tow'rs;

37.

And theſe, at length, the duke's approach declare,
Seen from afar, as moving to the gates,
With purple ſtreamers waving in the air,
And all the pomp that noble bridegrooms waits.

38.

Strait to the temple haſte the buſy throng,
Some Hymen call, and ſome the god of Love,
While the grave prieſts in far more ſacred ſong
Addreſs the Mighty Pow'r that reigns above.

39.

Now ſunk the ſun ;—with ſolemn pace and ſlow,
Dim night advanc'd ; but not her deepeſt ſhade
Eclips'd the fires which through the city glow,
And ſecond day by gleaming torches made.

40.

Theſe through the gloom fling forth a lengthen'd blaze,
And on the diſtant walls and turrets bright,
Shine like the new-ris'n moon, with trembling rays,
Piercing the ſable veil of duſky night.

41.

The trumpets ſpeak ; the minſtrelſy reply ;
And mingled crowds the clam'rous joy reſound,
The notes aſcending to the heavens high
Thro' vaulted æther ſpread the pealing ſound.

42.

And ſtill on Gondibert the people call;
His name the burden of their grateful ſong,
To him whoſe valour wrought proud Oſwald's fall
A warlike band the echoing ſtrains prolong.

43.

While he, far diſtant, in unhappy plight
By friends deſerted, and by foes oppreſs'd,
Counts the long hours of that diſaſtrous night,
Which now appear'd in fearful horrors dreſt.

44.

Ev'n where joy revel'd high without controul,
Rag'd the loud tempeſt, which their clamours drown'd,
The livid light'nings flaſh from either pole
And roaring thunders rend the blue profound.

45.

Amid this ſtorm, which prodigies enhanc'd,
Seen by the dreadful meteors' bloody glare,
A wounded ſoldier to the walls advanc'd
Whoſe looks the import of his ſpeech declare.

46.

Of dreadful deeds he told, and dangers near,
No leſs than threat the ancient city's harm,
And fill fair Rhodolind with pallid fear,
Such as of old did Perſeus' bride alarm,

47.

When deſp'rate Phineus, ruſhing on his fate,
Claim'd fair Andromeda, for whom he burn'd,
And ent'ring where the bidden gueſts were ſat
The marriage feaſt to ſcenes of ſlaughter turn'd.

48.

By him the fair deſerted at her need,
From a dread monſter valiant Perſeus won;
He claim'd the *Bride* who durſt not claim the *Deed*,
And for th' unjuſt attempt was turn'd to ſtone.

49.

So vain is Joy; a quickly-fading flow'r,
A cloud ſtill paſſing with each wind away,
A fleeting dream, the pageant of an hour,
A tranſient beam of viſionary day.

50.

Far, far from Gondibert, the phantom hy'd,
Far from the crowd, whoſe ſhouts reſound his name,
Far from the monarch and the promis'd bride,
To whom too ſoon the fatal meſſage came.

51.

But now the city and her train we leave,
To ſeek the duke, and make his fortunes known;
And how the reſt the dreadful news receive
Shall be in the ſucceeding cantos' ſhewn.

GONDIBERT,

A

POEM.

CANTO the EIGHTH.

Rhodolpho's character; his high deſert,
And league concluded with Duke Gondibert,
Whoſe enemies a quick revenge prepare,
Which he prevents by Orgo's friendly care,
The ſecret ambuſh of the treach'rous foe,
The Duke eludes, and reaches Bergamo.

1.

IN aweful ſolitude of woodland ſhade
The duke the iſſue of his charge attends,
And blames the counſel now too long delay'd,
And the long abſence of his tardy friends.

2. At

2.

At length, his lov'd count Hurgonil he 'ſpy'd,
Who from the lofty city bent his courſe,
With young Rhodolpho journeying by his ſide
Whoſe ardent mind outwent his ſteed's ſwift courſe.

3.

A youth he was of high and noble race,
Portly and tall; of inborn worth poſſeſt;
But temp'ring dignity with ſuch a grace
As might have warm'd the tend'reſt female breaſt.

4.

And on his brow ſuch awe majeſtic ſate,
As ſeem'd to ſpeak him born for high command;
Though now for many a moon the ſport of fate,
A willing exile from his native land.

5.

The fair Italian fields and regions bright,
Where Adicé flows ſwiftly to the main,
He left, to climb the rugged Alpine height,
And chace the Vandals on the barren plain.

6.

Return'd with conqueſt from the foe ſubdu'd,
The youthful victor ſought his ancient ſeat,
And Rhodalind again he had purſu'd,
And laid his ſpoils and trophies at her feet.

7.

But that he heard duke Gondibert had won,
The peerleſs princeſs bright in blooming charms;
Saw ſumptuous feaſts prepar'd, and rites begun
To give his miſtreſs to the hero's arms.

8.

And common Fame reported, for her love,
How Gondibert had mighty Oſwald ſlain
And ſtain'd with noble blood the peaceful grove,
Beſtrew'd with heroes from the Breſcian plain.

9.

But Gondibert full ſoon his fears diſpell'd,
And ancient leagues of amity renew'd,
His own ſtrange tale the gen'rous hero tells,
And what ill fate his conſtant love purſu'd.

10.

And then by ſolemn pacts the warriors bind
Their mutual vows each other's cauſe to aid,
'Till the young chief poſſeſs his Rhodalind,
And Gondibert eſpouſe his fav'rite maid.

11.

Meanwhile the duke for other aid delays
The fleeting hours, as fully he intends
All interceſſors he can move to raiſe,
And try the int'reſt of his ancient friends.

12.

For as he knew the grief and inly rage
Which would his prince and Rhodalind inflame,
He ſought all means that might the ſtorm aſſuage,
And ſtill preſerve his loyalty and fame.

13.

And now the prey of anxious thoughts he lies,
Contending paſſions lab'ring in his breaſt,
While tow'rds the ſhade the youthful Orgo hies
Whoſe looks the tenor of his news expreſs'd.

14.

He tells how Hubert thither bends his courſe,
With furious Borgio, and a deſp'rate train,
All choſen warriors of experienc'd force
Drawn from the ſquadrons on the Breſcian plain.

15.

Ev'n while he ſpoke, loud-burſting ſhouts from far,
Mix'd with the ſhrill-ton'd trumpets dreadful ſound,
Pronounc'd the preſage of approaching war
Which mov'd on different ſides to hem them round.

16.

And firſt to flight the faithful Orgo mov'd
His honour'd lord; but he the thought diſdain'd,
And brave Rhodolpho the advice reprov'd
And other counſel taught, whilſt other hope remain'd.

17.

"Not far from hence," ſaid he "a choſen few
"Lie camp'd, my truſty followers in the field;
"If theſe the preſent need and danger knew,
"They would a ſure and ſpeedy ſuccour yield:

18.

" To them let ſwift-pac'd Orgo inſtant go
" Where, by yon grove encamp'd the warriors lye
" Ere yet th' approaches of the circling foe
" Cut off that hope, and all acceſs deny."

19.

This counſel pleas'd; and ſwift as fly the darts
When with full ſtrength is ſtrain'd the crooked eugh,
Haſtes the brave youth, whoſe love ſuch ſpeed imparts
As from the bending graſs ſcarce ſtrikes the pearly dew.

20.

Meanwhile the heroes ſcan with cautious eye
All meaſures and advantage of the ground,
And ev'ry poſture of the troops deſcry
Whoſe creſcent form grew verging to a round.

21.

" Ah! now," cry'd Hurgonil, " we want the might
" Of Tybalt, dreaded chief, and many more,
" Who in yon' city wait th' approach of night
" With Goltho brave, and prudent Ulfinore.

" I

22.

"I deem'd" ſaid Gondibert "theſe ſhould have grac'd
"My rural manſion, and our counſels ſhar'd,
"But where my ſtrongeſt confidence was plac'd,
"My ſtronger deſtiny the hope has marr'd.

23.

"But you, brave chiefs, who in this dang'rous hour
"To my uncertain fates have link'd your own,
"Be witneſs you if valour yield to pow'r,
"Or if your friend deſerve to fall alone.

24.

"Ev'n here will we the coming foe abide,
"'Till faithful Orgo bring the promis'd aid,
"Then ſhall our fortune in fair field be try'd,
"And wounds with wounds be plenteouſly repaid."

25.

Thus while he ſpeaks, the deaf'ning ſhouts increaſe
'Till from the foe an embaſſy there came,
Borne by a comely youth in robes of peace,
Array'd——and Sibert was the warrior's name.

26.

Of late aſpiring Oſwald's favour'd friend
While Oſwald Fortune's lucky enſigns wore,
He now on Hubert's perſon did attend,
And to duke Gondibert his meſſage bore.

27.

Coop'd in a narrow ſpace the duke he found,
Unlike thoſe proud pavilions where of late
He ſat ſublime, with victor laurels crown'd
And thence to captive chiefs diſpens'd their fate.

28.

" Prince" ſaid the youth " lord Hubert now demands
" That you ſurrender up to his diſpoſe,
" Yourſelf and theſe, and wait what new commands
" He ſhall from high Verona's tow'rs impoſe.

29.

" For to the city next he bends his way
" Whither his Breſcians are already gone,
" And there preſumes before the riſing day,
" To be declar'd the king's adopted ſon.

30. " For

30.

" For you, your life is ſafe, and theſe your train
" If they ſubmit ſhall gracious treatment find :
" Our force is ſuch as makes reſiſtance vain,
" And you, like chaff, muſt ſcatter in the wind.

31.

" 'Tis well," ſaid Gondibert, " your ſpeech you frame
" In artful guiſe; but for the terms you bear
" Go tell lord Hubert that my valu'd fame
" Makes me reject them, and prefer the war.

32.

" Succeſsleſs prince! when from his eagle-flight
" His ill-ſtarr'd brother fell, who ſoar'd in vain,
" Thinks he to match *his* more unequal might,
" And win thoſe honours Oſwald could not gain?

33.

" Bid him revolve that chief's untimely fate,
" And his own foil, twice conquer'd in the field,
" The train of evils which on war await,
" And bitter fruits that wild ambition yield.

34. " That

34.

" That we are few, it is our pride and boaſt,
" Though more than theſe perhaps ſhall meet his arms,
" A worthy conqueſt for as great an hoſt,
" All train'd to war, and bred amidſt alarms.

35.

" And know, whate'er betide; whoever here
" Should us aſſault, whoe'er wiſh'd aid deny,
" We ſcorn to yield thro' baſe unmanly fear:
" Too few to conquer, we're enough to die."

36.

Thus anſwer'd, Sibert from the ſpot withdrew
(His terms rejected) and a ſign diſplay'd,
On which the hoſtile ſquadrons came in view,
And march'd, far ſtretching from the ſylvan ſhade.

37.

But as their troops advanc'd in looſe array,
Deeming the rural manſion to inveſt,
Lo! from the point where glows the ſetting day,
Young Orgo ſpeedily his pace addreſs'd;

38. And

38.

And close behind, in well-rang'd files were seen
Rhodolpho's train, a small but faithful band,
With measur'd steps swift gliding o'er the green,
To aid their gen'ral, and his foes withstand.

39.

No longer Gondibert, nor he remain
Within the limits of their narrow bound;
But pass the wood, swift issuing on the plain,
And leave behind with scorn the rural mound.

50.

Close follows Hurgonil with steady pace,
Who gladly mixes with those leaders brave,
That young Rhodolpho's warlike legions grace,
And on their shoulders wore the scarfs he gave.

41.

Among those chiefs stood Adelmar the sage;
Cherbert and Rollo, not unknown to fame,
With many a knight, the flow'r of all that age,
The pride and glory of the Lombard name.

42.

On theſe prince Hubert pour'd his warriors down,
Out-numb'ring by the half their ſcanty band,
But the ſtout few whom dear bought laurels crown'd,
Abide their fury and the ſhock withſtand.

43.

'Till raging Borgio, barb'rous, fierce and bold,
Gualthierus and gigantic Melador,
Through op'ning lines their courſe reſiſtleſs hold,
And mark the road they paſs with ſtreams of gore.

44.

Firſt fell two youths, with honeſt wounds o'erſpread
Whom late from Gaul the great Rhodolpho brought,
But now the Tuſcan land receives them dead,
And gives that honour which in life they ſought.

45.

Cherbert the next a dang'rous wound receiv'd,
Full on his breaſt, and there had ſunk to night
But that Rhodolpho's timely aid reliev'd,
Who ſtrait ruſh'd dreadful to the ſcene of fight.

46.

And near him Gondibert with Orgo ſtood,
Who yet in war ne'er fleſh'd his maiden ſword,
This hour he dy'd it deep in warrior's blood,
And then fell bravely fighting by his lord.

47.

For now as Melador's and Borgio's force
Were join'd, at Gondibert to ſtrike amain,
The youth oppos'd his breaſt to Borgio's force
While by his lord bold Melador was ſlain.

48.

The Giant ſunk untimely to his grave
Like ſome tall pine, ſtruck by cœleſtial fires,
While Borgio curs'd the erring blow he gave,
As from the duke he ſullenly retires.

49.

And, but Gualthierus' ready aid was near,
His father's offspring by a foreign bed,
Here he had run his laſt of life's career,
And ſwell'd the growing number of the dead.

50.

But now ſo variouſly the combat bleeds, [breath,
That Fame though all her tongues ſhould give them
Could not expreſs the bold and warlike deeds,
Of warriors ranging through this field of death.

51.

At length, while yet the ſun's revolving ray
Wheel'd round the ocean's brim with trembling light,
The battle ſwerv'd with the declining day,
And Gondibert ſucceeded in the fight.

52.

And perfect victor had the duke remain'd,
But that prince Hubert privately retir'd,
And long before the camp at Breſcia gain'd,
When he return'd with double fury fir'd.

53.

By ſecret ways his choſen band he draws
'Till in a ſnare their enemies they thrall,
Who feel th' effect diſcerning not the cauſe,
And die unknowing by what hands they fall.

54. But

54.

But ſoon Rhodolpho and the duke could tell
The fatal guile and found their ſtruggle vain,
Yet by the firſt of them had Hubert fell,
But that he fenc'd him with a heap of ſlain.

55.

As thus the chiefs contend, a veil of clouds
(While thunders roll, and gath'ring ſhow'rs deſcend)
Alike the vanquiſh'd and the victor ſhrouds,
Yet in the ſtorm the eager troops contend.

56.

But now a choſen few the duke ſelects,
With whom he pierces Hubert's thick array,
And while the fav'ring ſtorm his rear protects,
Through all the fighting ranks he wins his way:

57.

Nor ſtops, 'till Bergamo's white tents he ſpies,
Deck'd with the radiance of aſcending morn,
And enters there what time the ſhepherds riſe,
And early huntſmen wind the ſhrill-ton'd horn.

GONDIBERT,

A

POEM.

CANTO the NINTH.

Black Dalga's wiles full timely do explore
Brave Sigebert and prudent Ulfinore;
Them Goltho loſes in a winding way,
And falls to barb'rous Borgio's troops a prey:
Hubert's deſign upon Verona's tow'rs,
Diſclos'd with horror in the gloomy hours;
Sage Aribert in vain conſults his peers,
The council broken amidſt panic fears.

1.

ALAS! that man Creation's glorious lord,
And bleſs'd with ſway ſupreme o'er ſea and land,
With Wiſdom's wealth ſhould be ſo thinly ſtor'd,
As by an harlot's ſmiles to be trepann'd.

2. In

2.

In vain he boaſts him of his ſtrength and pow'r,
In vain the image of his Maker wears,
If prone to evil in the dang'rous hour,
He falls a prey to penitence and tears.

3.

Who that had ſeen young Goltho's force in fight,
Who that had known the virtues of his youth,
Had thought he held them both ſo cheap and light,
To riſque his ſafety on a harlot's truth.

4.

To ſacrifice his worth at ſuch a ſhrine,
To waſte his hours in dalliance at her ſide,
To call her Angel, Goddeſs moſt divine,
Whom Hell's black monarch had ſo deeply dy'd?

5.

Yet he, forgetful of the counſel ſage
Which Ulfinore ſo gen'rouſly had giv'n,
Attends on Dalga, through an unknown road,
While the broad ſun declin'd the ſteep of heav'n.

6.

Through winding, mazy paths ſometimes they paſs'd,
Sometimes o'er foreſts wild they held their way,
A ſpacious dome receives them at the laſt
Where all was deck'd for joy and am'rous play.

7.

Blithe as a bridegroom ruſhing to his love,
Young Goltho haſtes to quench his wanton fires,
Whilſt other thoughts black Dalga's boſom move,
Intent on other ſchemes than foſt'ring fond deſires.

8.

The youth whom Ulfinore had firſt deſcry'd,
Reſort with welcome to her open gate,
That ſelf-ſame youth had Goltho ſtrictly ey'd,
And ſought to work him an untimely fate.

9.

Friend to prince Oſwald, mortal hate he bore
To all that ſought duke Gondibert to aid,
And on his brow a dreadful frown he wore,
Till Dalga all her wily tale diſplay'd.

10. "Think

10.

" Think not my love, (ſaid ſhe) that hated race
" Who with your houſe hold enmity ſo great,
" Shall e'er with me find favour, love or grace,
" But rather death and ſure deſtruction meet."

11.

Yet let him hither come, and bring his gold,
And jewels ſtore, to purchaſe evil chance,
No back-returning ſteps ſhall you behold
If to my wiſh the headlong youth advance.

12.

For when again he hither bends his courſe,
With him will I to lonely ſeats repair,
So may you him entrap with guile or force,
And take him heedleſs in an eaſy ſnare.

13.

The counſel pleas'd; and when young Goltho came,
With eager haſte to ſate his am'rous fire;
Strait to her paramour the fraudful dame
Diſpatch'd the tidings which his haſte require.

14. And

14.

And he as ſoon by Jealouſy and Hate
Inſpir'd, and Malice, eldeſt-born of Hell,
With two bold ſquires that on his fortune wait,
Ruſh'd on to meet the ſtroke by which he fell.

15.

They quit Verona's lofty tow'rs behind,
And follows eagerly their evil game
With ſpeed that ſeems t' outſtrip the paſſing wind,
And leaves behind them honour, truth and fame.

16.

Now had they paſs'd the foreſt's awful ſhade,
And now in view upon the open plain
Beheld the dome where Goltho, twice betray'd,
Was doom'd black Dalga's captive to remain.

17.

But ere they yet attain'd their deſtin'd place,
From a deep dell, all clad in green array
Two knights came iſſuing forth with eager pace,
Then check'd their haſte, and ſtood acroſs the way.

18.

Aſtolpho (ſo the treacherous youth we name)
Who Goltho's glories fought t' eclipſe ere noon
Stopp'd ſhort, ſtarts backward with ſurprize and ſhame,
To find his early progreſs check'd ſo ſoon.

19.

Yet queſtions with himſelf if theſe be foes,
Or how his deep deſign they e'er could ſcan,
Of which to learn, ſtrait onward ſtill he goes,
And ſoon a fierce and cruel fight began.

20.

Him Ulfinore well-knowing, nothing ſpoke,
But at him aim'd aloft his Gothic lance,
Which through a faithful ſervant's harneſs broke,
That did in luckleſs hour his aid advance.

21.

Stretch'd on the ground when lewd Aſtolpho view'd
His truſty ſquire, he chaf'd with double rage,
And made his ſteel drink deep his rival's blood,
And by his fall his anger ſought t' aſſuage.

22.

But Ulfinore not wounds or blood could tame,
In ſuch a cauſe reſolv'd to ſpend his breath,
To ſave his friend, to purchaſe honeſt fame,
And live victorious, or be great in death.

23.

And Sigebert his friend, with courage warm'd,
That other ſquire whom falſe Aſtolpho brought
Had overpower'd, and on the ground diſarm'd,
His death deſerv'd had with his poniard wrought.

24.

When at that inſtant Ulfinore wav'd high
His ſhining blade, which on Aſtolpho fell,
And ere brave Sigebert approach'd him nigh,
Had ſent his treach'rous ſoul to deepeſt hell.

25.

Theſe ſlain, the knights hold ſtrait their onward road
To Dalga's manſion, where their friend they found,
Loſt in the ſeas of joy which round him flow'd,
And rapt in muſic's ſoul-diſſolving ſound.

26.

Faſt on a couch beſide him Dalga ſate,
Her artful head reclining on his breaſt,
And round about the neat-hand-damſels wait,
Whom now ſhe bids prepare the ſumptuous feaſt.

27.

For grey-ey'd twilight o'er the world had ſpread
Her duſky curtain, and the heavens high
Had loſt their laſt remains of parting red,
And dipp'd their mantle in a deeper dye.

28.

Strait in the hall a thouſand glitt'ring fires
Shoot forth like meteors to adorn the night,
And bring new day when Phœbus' car retires
On weſtern ſhores to dart his welcome light.

29.

Ev'n now the ſorc'reſs rears a maſſy bowl,
Replete with juices of the purple vine,
Which hides beneath ſell drugs and poiſons foul,
Mix'd with the ſpirit of the gen'rous wine.

30. Unheeding

30.

Unheeding Goltho to his lips had rear'd
The dreadful potion with a gentle ſmile,
When Ulſinore and Sigebert appear'd,
Seiz'd the fell Dalga, and diſclos'd her guile.

31.

The bowl they wreſted from their wond'ring friend,
To his vile miſtreſs inſtant they preferr'd,
Who tells them death does on the draught attend,
And owns that death ſhe herſelf has incurr'd.

32.

For long Aſtolpho's coming did ſhe wait,
On Goltho's head who ſhould have wreck'd his ire,
But when no ſuch approach'd her open gate,
She doom'd the youth by poiſon to expire.

33.

And by that draught (ſo Heav'n divinely wrought)
Which for her gueſt ſhe foully did intend,
By that ſame draught her own fall now is wrought,
Which brings her ſoon to an unpity'd end.

34. Her

34.

Her wicked damſels ſtraitway fled amain,
And the rich houſe and all its braveſt ſtore;
The ſpoils of nymphs decoy'd and heroes ſlain,
Remain'd to Goltho and to Ulfinore.

35.

But no ſuch baubles charm their longing eyes,
Not wealth they ſeek, but quit the houſe of guile,
Nor wiſh to make the golden hoards their prize,
Gain'd by the triumphs of an harlot's ſmile.

36.

With haſte the hated manſion did they leave,
And o'er the lawn, and thro' the foreſt ſped,
Where mazy paths their wand'ring ſteps deceive,
By the faint glimm'ring of the ſtar-light led.

37.

While thus perplex'd and unreſolv'd they ſtood,
Seeking in vain ſome human track t' explore,
The South winds whiſtled wildly thro' the wood,
And diſtant thunders roll'd with ſolemn roar.

38.

Meteors foreboding ſtorms with horrid glare,
Gilt the dun horrors of approaching night,
A diſmal radiance darting thro' the air
A dire effulgence and unwelcome light.

39.

And nearer ſtill as the rude tempeſt drew,
Still farther tow'rds the foreſt's checquer'd ſhade
The youths approach, while at each ſtep they view
The horrors of the aweful ſcene diſplay'd.

40.

" Yet here (ſaid Ulfinore) let not our hearts
" Sink in deſpair, which erſt amidſt alarms
" Have never fail'd while ſhow'rs of hoſtile darts,
" Pour'd like this tempeſt on our ſhatter'd arms."

41.

Thus while he ſpoke, thick globes of hail deſcend,
And all the winds of heav'n their forces try,
Vaſt dreadful ſheets of livid fire extend
From either pole, and blaze along the ſky.

42.

To the loud winds the louder thunders roar,
Reſponſive, while the hail's continu'd ſound,
With all the ſtorms that from the heavens pour,
The rattling branches thro' the wood reſound.

43.

And ſwelling waters burſting from each rill,
In flowing torrents courſing thro' the ſhade,
With murm'rings hoarſe, the troubled welkin fill,
And the vex'd ear with deaf'ning ſounds invade.

44.

" Methinks the Pow'rs above," ſaid Goltho then,
" Reſolve to ſhake this globe's ſubſtantial baſe,
" And hurl ſwift ruin on the ſons of men
" Long try'd an impious and ungodly race.

45.

" Elſe why theſe pealing ſounds, theſe ſheets of flame,
" And Heaven's eternal ſluices open'd round,
" This heavy gloom that wraps th' æthereal frame,
" And theſe rude ſhocks that ſhake the ſolid ground."

46.

For as he ſpoke the rending glebe gave way,
  And fires infernal from beneath broke forth,
Diſcloſing horrid caves unknown to day,
  Deep in the bowels of the groaning earth.

47.

" Brave Goltho, (then ſaid Ulfinore the ſage)
  " Ev'n 'midſt the horrors of this dreadful ſcene,
" This boiſtrous ſtrife of elemental rage,
  " The philoſophic ſoul may ſit ſerene?

48.

" What if the jarring ſeeds of nature pent
  " In hollow caves, theſe dreadful ſhocks ſupply,
" And burſting vapours ſtruggling for a vent,
  " Blaze in the upper and the nether ſky?

49.

" Or what if Heav'n's high pow'r in vengeance riſe,
  " To hurl theſe bolts that ſet the ſkies on fire?
" What if th' Almighty mind theſe ſtrokes deviſe,
  " And groaning nations in the ſhock expire?

50. " Think

50.

" Think'ſt thou not Virtue can maintain her ſeat,
" Offspring belov'd of Heav'ns eternal King?
" Think'ſt thou ſuch ſhocks can reach her bleſt retreat
" Shelter'd behind the cherub mercy's wing.

51.

" No! Let the coward guilty, only fear
" Whoſe conſcious hearts reproach them from within,
" It is their place alone to tremble here,
" Who ſink oppreſs'd beneath a load of ſin.

52.

" Believe me, Goltho, not the roaring war
" Of yonder fiery cope tho' mov'd etern'
" Can with the dreadful paſſions ere compare,
" That raging in unhallow'd boſoms burn.

53.

" For theſe, all in their place the lot fulfil,
" Which Heav'n to each moſt wiſely hath aſſign'd,
" Whilſt thoſe tempeſtuous paſſions thwart the will
" And croſs the mandates of th' Almighty mind."

54.

Touch'd with the words of one ſo wiſe and young,
Regardleſs of the ſtorm brave Goltho walks,
Hangs on the accents falling from his tongue,
And ev'n when ſilent thinks that ſtill he talks.

55.

But now two paths full op'ning to the view,
To right and left; perplex'd the trav'llers ſtand,
Nor know which road to leave, nor which purſue,
Alike they doubt to turn to either hand.

56.

One track led winding down a ſhelving dale,
All arch'd with bending branches over-head,
The other op'ning to the Northern gale,
Wide and more wide its greenwood carpet ſpread.

57.

Goltho and Sigebert now firſt deſcend
The darkling dell, and its receſs explore,
Whilſt where the wid'ning ſhades more free extend
With prudent ſtep advanc'd brave Ulfinore.

58. This

58.

This done, they all appointed to return
To that ſame place where both the ways did meet,
And Ulfinore who early did diſcern
The open plain, turn'd back, his friend to greet.

59.

But when the ſpot he gain'd, in vain he ſought
Thoſe friends, for whom a while he patient waits,
Revolving over in his anxious thought
The various perils of uncertain fates.

60.

But tir'd at length, he down the darkling dale
Moves with ſwift pace, and prudent eye aſkance,
Meas'ring the track where ſcoops the hollow vale,
And his firm ſteps ſupporting on his lance.

61.

So ſteers ſome veſſel through the boiling deep,
While rocks and ſhoals, and quickſands are in view,
Such cautious watch the ſteady pilots keep,
And guide what courſe to ſhun, and what purſue.

62.

And ever and anon the boiſt'rous ſurge,
That ſwells to meet them carefully avoid,
Then with quick helm the anſwering veſſel urge
To ſhun its rage, on other billows buoy'd.

63.

And now had Ulfinore with weary pace,
Trac'd many a rood of that ſame winding way,
Exploring as he went each ſecret place,
Each dell impervious ev'n to brighteſt day.

64.

At length, emerging from the op'ning glade,
He reach'd the margin of a riſing hill,
Whoſe verdant top was crown'd with leafy ſhade,
And at its foot there ran a murm'ring rill.

65.

The winds were huſh'd, and the loud thunder's roar
In feeble, diſtant mutt'rings dy'd away,
The livid lightnings flaſhing now no more,
And night, retir'd pierc'd by Aurora's ray.

66.

On the hill top, the grey dawn reſted high,
Which many a wreath of purple did adorn,
Sol's ſloping beams ſhot upward to the ſky,
And the lark ſang, the herald of the morn.

67.

Glad earth reviv'd, and o'er her face was ſpread
The chearful mantle of reviving green,
The leafy trees each from his lofty head
Diſtill'd big drops which glitt'ring fell ſerene.

68.

Nature rejoic'd; but ſtill with downcaſt eye,
And heavy heart, foreboding future woe,
The prudent youth heaves faſt the mournful ſigh,
While half ſuppreſs'd the burſting ſorrows flow.

69.

Goltho he calls; his manly voice he rears,
Oft to its pitch, which hill and dale rebound,
The much lov'd name each grot and cavern hears,
And Goltho! echoes thro' the ſylvan bound.

70.

But Goltho hears not, diſtant from his friend,
In evil plight he counts the lonely hours,
Doom'd long his fate uncertain to attend,
Coop'd in the dureſs of unfriendly tow'rs.

71.

Far had he ſtray'd adown the winding track,
Reſolv'd ſome outlet from its maze to find,
Then mounts the hill but haſty turning back,
He ſaw ſurpriz'd, an armed band behind.

72.

Theſe by the bloody Borgio's captains led,
Ruſh'd bold and ſudden from the op'ning glade;
And now ſo well their evil buſineſs ſped,
The youths muſt periſh, or be captive made.

73.

And they *had* periſh'd while with deſperate force,
They ſtrove to penetrate the thick-rank'd foe,
But that they ſunk beneath the trampling horſe,
And thus were taken ev'n without a blow.

74. Theſe

74.

These to the Breſcian camp the chiefs convey'd,
Reſolv'd to keep them as a pledge ſecure,
Where they in heavy chains were inſtant laid,
And muſt long pain and tedious bonds endure.

75.

But turn we now where Aribert awaits
Th' uncertain iſſue of diſaſtrous war;
And in Verona's tow'rs th' aſſembled ſtates
Debating ſage with ſenatorial care.

76.

For on that dreadful night the news was ſpread,
That not the train of Gondibert drew near,
But Hubert's troops by deſp'rate Morcar led,
Which fill'd each boſom with a panic fear.

77.

For through all Lombardy was Morcar known,
Of fierceſt guiſe, diſdaining ſtill to yield,
And oft his dreadful proweſs had he ſhewn,
In death and ruin on the foughten field.

78. But

78.

But ſtill more oft' the town's beleagur'd wall,
Had ſeen him victor in remoteſt lands;
Nought joy'd him more than ſome rich city's fall,
With whoſe ſack'd wealth to pay his ſavage bands.

79.

Nor age nor ſex their boiling rage would ſpare,
But ſtill their ſteps were mark'd with ſeas of blood;
Hence ev'ry foe muſt conquer or deſpair,
Where deſp'rate Morcar's haughty enſigns ſtood.

80.

Now well diſſembling with a choſen few,
Who wav'd their purple enſigns to the ſky,
He to Verona's lofty turrets drew,
Advancing Gondibert's rich ſtandard high.

81.

For this he deem'd would ſoon admittance gain,
At ſuch a time, when feſtal mirth went round;
Thus ſtratagem for once might force ſupply,
And Hubert's hopes with wiſh'd ſucceſs be crown'd.

82.

The chief once enter'd 'midſt the buſy throng,
Soon might the reſt effect their bold deſign;
Then ſhould grim war ſucceed to mirthful ſong,
And Mar's dread feats take place of rites divine.

83.

But while he thus inſidious wiles prepares,
A ſtraggling ſoldier roving o'er the plain
Is caught unheeding in their hidden ſnares,
By ſuch a force as makes reſiſtance vain.

84.

Yet the wiſe captive meeting art with art,
Pretends great love to princely Hubert's ſide,
And offers many a ſecret to impart,
Which may againſt his foes ſtrong arms provide:

85.

For this too careleſsly the guards attend,
On one devoted to their maſter's cauſe,
And while they ſlightly watch this new made friend,
He tow'rds the city ſuddenly withdraws.

86.

Though not ſo ſafe he took his ſpeedy flight,
But that the foe his fly deſertion found,
Whoſe troops purſu'd him thro' the ſhades of night,
And mark'd him o'er with many a ghaſtly wound.

87.

But yet the fugitive the city gains,
Tells all the ſnares the wily foe had laid,
Then ſpent with toil and agonizing pains,
He ſinks at once, and mingles with the dead.

88.

Now the ſcar'd prieſts the rites prepar'd ſurceaſe,
To the loud trumpets ſound, the timbrels yield;
The youths ſtrait lay aſide their weeds of peace,
And arm them quickly for the martial field.

89.

While the grave old, and thoſe whoſe rev'rend place
Ranks them in council with Verona's peers,
In their long robes repair with ſlower pace,
To where its head the lofty palace rears.

90.

There aweful met beneath their monarch's eye,
With prudent care they ſcan the ſum of things,
In ſtate ſublime, ſage Aribert on high,
Weighs all advice that from their counſel ſprings.

91.

Thus in Verona paſs the gloomy hours,
While tempeſts roar, and thunders rend the ſky,
While dreaded earthquakes ſhake the nodding tow'rs
And all the bulwarks tremble from on high.

92.

At length while in debate the ſenate ſate,
A ſhout ſo loud came echoing from afar,
That ſeem'd as if Verona's final fate
Hung on the peal that rent the wounded air.

93.

A peal ſo loud that the rude tempeſt's noiſe,
Was loſt and drowned in its louder ſound,
And ſuch the ſwell of the ſonorous voice
As congregated waters murm'ring ſound.

94.

Strait riſe the peers, confuſion fills the hall,
A thouſand tongues at once rude clamour raiſe,
A thouſand fears do ev'ry heart appall,
While each to learn the dreadful news eſſays.

95.

Of theſe ſtrange tidings, and the ſtranger deeds
Of many a chief, Verona's boaſt and pride,
And ſtill what further change to all ſucceeds,
And what grave words, or bloody ſwords decide,

96.

Theſe in another Canto ſhall be ſhewn,
But here our ſteeds a-while we mean to rein,
Like thoſe of Sol who leave his ev'ning throne,
And ſleep with Thetis in the Weſtern main.

ACIS and GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

THE

MUSIC

BY

Mr. HANDEL.

ACIS and GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

PART the FIRST.

A rural Proſpect, diverſified with Rocks, Groves, and a River. ACIS and GALATEA ſeated by a Fountain. Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds, diſtributed about the Landſcape; and POLYPHEMUS diſcovered ſitting upon a Mountain.

CHORUS.

O THE Pleaſure of the Plains!
Happy Nymphs and happy Swains,
(Harmleſs, merry, free, and gay)
Dance and ſport the Hours away.

For us the Zephyr blows,
For us diſtils the Dew,
For us unfolds the Roſe,
And Flow'rs diſplay their hue:
For us the Winters rain;
For us the Summers ſhine;
Spring ſwells for us the Grain,
And Autumn bleeds the Vine.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ye verdant Plains, and woody Mountains,
Purling Streams, and bubbling Fountains,
Ye painted Glories of the Field,
Vain are the Pleaſures which you yield;
Too thin the Shadow of the Grove,
Too faint the Gales, to cool my Love.

AIR.

Huſh ye pretty warbling Choir,
Your thrilling Strains
Awake my Pains,
And kindle fierce Deſire:

Ceaſe

Ceaſe your Song, and take your Flight ;
Bring back my Acis *to my Sight.*

Da Capo.

AIR.

ACIS.

Where ſhall I ſeek the charming Fair ?
Direct the Way, kind Genius of the Mountains :
O tell me if you ſaw my Dear ;
Seeks ſhe the Groves, or bathes in cryſtal Fountains ?

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

Stay, Shepherd, ſtay !
See how thy Flocks in yonder Valley ſtray.
What means this melancholy Air ?
No more thy tuneful Pipe we hear.

AIR.

AIR.

Shepherd what art thou purſuing?
Heedleſs running to thy Ruin!
Share our Joy, our Pleaſure ſhare:
Leave thy Paſſion till To-morrow;
Let the Day be free from Sorrow,
Free from Love, and free from Care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Lo here, my Love!
Turn, *Galatea*, hither turn thine Eyes;
See at thy Feet the longing *Acis* lies.

AIR.

Love in her Eyes ſits playing,
And ſheds delicious Death;
Love in her Lips is ſtraying,
And warbling in her Breath:

Love

Love on her Breaſt ſits panting,
And ſwells with ſoft Deſire:
Nor Grace, no Charm is wanting
To ſet the Heart on Fire.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

O! didſt thou know the Pains of abſent Love,
Acis would ne'er from *Galatea* rove.

AIR.

As when the Dove
Laments his Love,
All on the naked Spray;
When he returns,
No more ſhe mourns,
But loves the live-long Day.
Billing, Cooing,
Panting, Wooing,
Melting Murmurs fill the Grove;
Melting Murmurs, laſting Love.

DUET

DUET.

ACIS *and* GALATEA.

Happy we.
What Joys I feel! — What Charms I see!
Of all Youths, thou deareſt Boy!
Of all Nymphs, thou brighteſt Fair!
Thou all my Bliſs, thou all my Joy!

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

ACIS and GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

PART the SECOND.

A CONCERTO on the ORGAN.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED Lovers! Fate has past
This ſad Decree; No Joy ſhall laſt.
Wretched Lovers! quit your Dream;
Behold the Monſter Polypheme;
See what ample Strides he takes,
The Mountain nods, the Foreſt ſhakes;

The

The Waves run frighten'd to the Shores :
Hark ! how the thun'dring Giant roars.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

POLYPHEME.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble God has ſtabb'd me to the Heart.
Thou truſty Pine,
Prop of my God-like Steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred Reeds of decent Growth,
To make a Pipe for my capacious Mouth ;
In ſoft inchanting Accents let me breathe
Sweet *Galatea*'s Beauty, and my Love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the Cherry !
O ſweeter than the Berry !

O Nymph

O Nymph more bright
Than Moon-ſhine Night,
Like Kidlings, blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting Cluſter!
No Lilly has ſuch Luſtre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging Flame,
And fierce as Storms that bluſter!

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

POLY. Whither, Faireſt, art thou running,
Still my warm Embraces ſhunning?

GAL. The Lion calls not to his Prey,
Nor bids the Wolf the Lambkin ſtay.

POLY. Thee, *Polyphemus*, great as *Jove*,
Calls to Empire, and to Love:

To his Palace in the Rock,
To his Dairy, to his Flock;
To the Grape of purple Hue,
To the Plumb of gloſſy Blue;
Wildings which expecting ſtand
Proud to be gather'd by thy Hand.

GAL. Of Infant Limbs to make my Food,
And ſwill full Draughts of human Blood!
Go, Monſter! bid ſome other Gueſt:
I loath the Hoſt; I loath the Feaſt.

AIR.

POLYPHEMUS.

Ceaſe to Beauty to be ſuing:
Ever whining Love diſdaining,
Let the Brave, their Aims purſuing,
Still be conqu'ring, not complaining.

Da Capo.

AIR.

AIR.

DAMON.

Would you gain the tender Creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suff'ring is the Lover's Part:
Beauty, by Conſtraint, poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the Bleſſing,
Lifeleſs Charms without the Heart.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

His hideous Love provokes my rage,
Weak, as I am, I muſt engage:
Inſpir'd with thy victorious Charms,
The God of Love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love ſounds th' Alarm,
And Fear is a flying:
When Beauty's the Prize,
What Mortal fears dying?
In Defence of my Treaſure,
I'd bleed at each Vein:
Without her no Pleaſure;
For Life is a Pain.

Da Capo.

AIR.

DAMON.

Conſider, fond Shepherd,
How fleeting's the Pleaſure,
That flatters our Hopes
In purſuit of the Fair:

The

The Joys that attend it,
By Moments we meaſure;
But Life is too little
To meaſure our Care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ceaſe, O ceaſe, thou gentle Youth;
Truſt my Conſtancy and Truth;
Truſt my Truth, and Pow'rs above,
The Pow'rs propitious ſtill to Love.

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, *and* POLYPHEME.

Acis *and* Gal. *The Flock ſhall leave the Mountains,*
The Woods the Turtle Dove,
The Nymphs forſake the Fountains,
Ere I forſake my Love.

Poly. *Torture! Fury! Rage! Deſpair!*
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Acis *and* Gal. *Not Show'rs to Larks ſo pleaſing,*
Nor Sunſhine to the Bee;
Not Sleep to Toil ſo eaſing,
As theſe dear Smiles to me.

Poly. *Fly ſwift, thou maſſy Ruin fly:*
Die, preſumptuous Acis, *die.*

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, *Galatea!* help, ye Parent Gods!
And take me dying to your deep Abodes.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muſes; weep, ye Swains;
Tune, tune your Reeds to doleful Strains;
Groans, Cries, and Howlings, fill the neighb'ring Shore,
Ah! —— *the gentle* Acis *is no more.*

SONG

SONG and CHORUS.

GALATEA.

Muſt I my Acis *ſtill bemoan,*
Inglorious cruſh'd beneath that Stone?
Muſt the lovely charming Youth
Die for his Conſtancy and Truth?
Say, what Comfort can you find?
For dark Deſpair o'erclouds my Mind.

CHORUS.

Ceaſe, Galatea, *ceaſe to grieve;*
Bewail not, when thou canſt relieve:
Call forth thy Pow'r, employ thy Art;
The Goddeſs ſoon can heal thy Smart:
To kindred Gods the Youth return,
Thro' verdant Plains to roll his Urn.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

'Tis done: Thus I exert my Pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart, thou Seat of ſoft Delight!
Be thou now a Fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a Chryſtal Flood;
Rock, thy hollow Womb diſcloſe:
The bubbling Fountain, lo! it flows.
Through the Plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill his gentle Love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, *dry thy Tears:*
Acis *now a God appears;*

See how he rears him from his Bed;
See the Wreath that binds his Head:
Hail! thou gentle murm'ring Stream,
Shepherds Pleaſure, Muſes Theme;
Thro' the Plain ſtill joy to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill thy gentle Love.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

OF

BYE-WORDS.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought mighty *odd*
Every word ſhe e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of *God* the good Dean did endeavour,
But ſtill in her heart ſhe held *nature* more *clever*.
Tho' he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon ſomething or other, ſhe found better *fun*.
For the dame, by her ſkill in affairs aſtronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
In this world, ſhe deſpis'd ev'ry ſoul ſhe met here,
And now ſhe's in t'other, ſhe thinks it but *queer*.

THE GUARDIAN,

No. 11.

——— Huc propius me;
Dum doceo Inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite.

HOR.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof, which takes off from the ſharpneſs of it; and an addreſs in flattery, which makes it agreeable though never ſo groſs: but of all flatterers, the moſt ſkilful is he who can do what you like, without ſaying any thing which argues you do it for his ſake; the moſt winning circumſtance in the world being the conformity of manners. I ſpeak of this as a practice neceſſary in gaining people of ſenſe, who are not yet given up to ſelf-conceit; thoſe who are far gone in admiration of themſelves need not be treated with ſo much delicacy. The following letter puts this matter in a pleaſant and uncommon light: the author of it attacks this vice with an air of compliance, and alarm us againſt it by exhorting us to it.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

" AS you profeſs to encourage all thoſe who any " way contribute to the public good, I flatter myſelf I " may claim your countenance and protection. I am " by profeſſion a mad doctor, but of a peculiar kind, " not of thoſe whoſe aim it is to remove phrenzies, but " am one who make it my buſineſs to confer an agreeable " madneſs on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual de- " light and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philoſo- " phers, that happineſs and miſery conſiſt chiefly in the " imagination, nothing is more neceſſary to mankind in " general than this pleaſing delirium, which renders " every one ſatisfied with himſelf, and perſuades him " that all others are equally ſo.

" I have for ſeveral years, both at home and abroad, " made this ſcience my particular ſtudy, which I may " venture to ſay I have improved in almoſt all the courts " of Europe; and have reduced into ſo ſafe and eaſy a " method, as to practiſe it on both ſexes of, what diſ- " poſition, age or quality ſoever, with ſucceſs. What " enables me to perform this great work, is the uſe " of my *Obſequium Catholicon*, or the *Grand Elixir*, to " ſupport the ſpirits of human nature. This remedy " is of the moſt grateful flavour in the world, and agrees

" with

" with all taſtes whatever. It is delicate to the ſenſes,
" delightful in the operation, may be taken at all
" hours without confinement, and is as properly given
" at a ball or play-houſe as in a private chamber. It
" reſtores and vivifies the moſt dejected minds, corrects
" and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a
" man's ſelf. One doſe of it will inſtantly diſperſe it-
" ſelf through the whole animal ſyſtem, diſſipate the
" firſt motions of diſtruſt ſo as never to return, and ſo
" exhilerate the brain and rarify the gloom of reflec-
" tion, as to give the patients a new flow of ſpirits, a
" vivacity of behaviour, and a pleaſing dedendance
" upon their own capacities.

" Let a perſon be never ſo far gone, I adviſe him not
" to deſpair; even though he has been troubled many
" years with reſtleſs reflections, which by long neglect
" have hardened into ſettled conſideration. Thoſe that
" have been ſtung with ſatire may here find a certain
" antidote, which infallibly diſperſes all the remains of
" poiſon that has been left in the underſtanding by bad
" cures. It fortifies the heart againſt the rancour
" of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the
" mortification of lampoons; as has been often expe-
" rienced by ſeveral perſons of both ſexes, during the
" ſeaſons of Tunbridge and the Bath.

" I could, as farther inſtances of my ſucceſs, produce
" certificates and teſtimonials from the favourites and
" as ghoſtly fathers of the moſt eminent princes of Eu-
" rope; but ſhall content myſelf with the mention of a

" few cures, which I have performed by this my *Grand*
" *Universal Reſtorative*, during the practice of one month
" only ſince I came to this city.

Cures in the month of February, 1713.

" GEORGE SPONDEE, Eſq; poet and inmate of the
" pariſh of St. *Paul's Covent-Garden*, fell into vio-
" lent fits of the ſpleen upon a thin third night. He
" had been frighted into a vertigo by the ſound of cat-
" calls on the firſt day; and the frequent hiſſings on the
" ſecond made him unable to endure the bare pronun-
" ciation of the letter *S*. I ſearched into the cauſes of
" diſtemper; and by the preſcription of a doſe of my
" *Obſequium*, prepared *ſecundum Artem*, recovered him
" to his natural ſtate of madneſs. I caſt in at proper
" intervals the words, *Ill taſte of the town*, *Envy of critics*,
" *Bad performance of the actors*, and the like. He is ſo
" perfectly cured that he has promiſed to bring another
" play upon the ſtage next winter.

" A lady of profeſſed virtue, of the pariſh of St.
" *James's Weſtminſter*, who hath deſired her name may
" be concealed, having taken offence at a phraſe of
" double meaning in converſation, undiſcovered by
" any other in the company, ſuddenly fell into a cold fit
" of modeſty. Upon a right application of praiſe of her
" virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking
" dream, ſettled the fermentation of her blood into a

" warm

" warm charity, ſo as to make her look with patience
" on the very gentleman that offended.

" HILARIA, of the pariſh of St. *Giles's in the Fields*,
" a coquet of long practice, was by the reprimand
" of an old maiden reduced to look grave in company,
" and deny her ſelf the play of the fan. In ſhort, ſhe
" was brought to ſuch melancholy circumſtances, that
" ſhe would ſometimes unawares fall into devotion
" at church. I adviſed her to take a few *innocent*
" *freedoms with occaſional kiſſes*, preſcribed her the *ex-*
" *erciſe of the eyes*, and immediately raiſed her to
" her former ſtate of life. She on a ſudden recovered
" her dimples, furled her fan, threw round her glances,
" and for theſe two *Sundays* laſt paſt, has not not once
" been ſeen in an attentive poſture. This the church-
" wardens are ready to atteſt upon oath.

" ANDREW TERROR, of the *Middle-Temple*, *Mohock*,
" was almoſt induced by an aged bencher of the ſame
" houſe to leave off bright converſation, and pore over
" *Coke upon Littleton*. He was ſo ill that his hat began
" to flap, and he was ſeen one day in the laſt term
" at *Weſtminſter-Hall*. The patient had quite loſt his
" ſpirit of contradiction; I, by the diſtillation of a
" few of my vivyfying drops in his ear, drew him from
" his lethargy, and reſtored him to his uſual vivacious
" miſunderſtanding. He is at preſent very eaſy in his
" condition.

" I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable
" cures I have performed within twenty days laſt paſt;

" but rather proceed to exhort all perſons, of whatever " age, complexion or quality, to take as ſoon as poſ- " ſible of this my intellectual oil; which applied at the " ear ſeizes all the ſenſes with a moſt agreeable tran- " ſport, and diſcovers its effects, not only to the ſatiſ- " faction of the patient, but all who converſe with, at- " tend upon, or any way relate to him or her that re- " ceives the kindly infection. It is often adminiſtered " by chamber-maids, valets, or any the moſt ignorant " domeſticks; it being one peculiar excellence of this " my oil, that it is moſt prevalent, the more unſkilful " the perſon is or appears who applies it. It is abſo- " lutely neceſſary for ladies to take a doſe of it juſt be- " fore they take coach to go a viſiting.

" But I offend the public, as *Horace* ſaid, when I " treſpaſs on any of your time. Give me leave then, " Mr. *Ironſide*, to make you a preſent of a drachm or two " of my oil; though I have cauſe to fear my Preſcrip- " tions will not have the effect upon you I could wiſh: " therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my fa- " vour by the preſent of my oil, but wholly de- " pend upon your publick ſpirit and generoſity; which " I hope, will recommend to the world the uſeful en- " deavours of,

S I R,

Your moſt obedient, moſt faithful, moſt devoted, moſt humble ſervant and admirer,

GNATHO.

*** Beware of counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad.

N. B.

" *N. B.* I teach the *Arcana* of my art at reaſonable " rates to gentlemen of the univerſities, who deſire " to be qualified for writing dedications; and to young " lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of " marriage. I inſtruct perſons of bright capacities to " flatter others, and thoſe of the meaneſt to flatter " themſelves.

" I was the firſt inventor of pocket looking-glaſſes.

THE

THE GUARDIAN,

No. 149.

——— *Uretur Veſtis amore tuæ.*

OVID.

Your very Dreſs ſhall captivate his Heart.

I HAVE in a former *precaution*, endeavoured to ſhew the mechaniſm of an *Epic Poem*, and given the reader preſcriptions whereby he may, without the ſcarce ingredient of a *genius*, compoſe the ſeveral parts of that great work. I ſhall now treat of an affair of more general importance, and make Dreſs the ſubject of the following paper.

Dreſs is grown of univerſal uſe in the conduct of Life. Civilities and reſpect are only paid to appearance. It is a varniſh that gives a luſtre to every action, a *paſſe-par-tout* that introduces us into all polite aſſemblies, and the only certain method of making moſt of the youth of our nation conſpicuous.

There

There was formerly an abſurd notion among the men of letters, that to eſtabliſh themſelves in the character of wits, it was abſolutely neceſſary to ſhew a contempt of dreſs. This injudicious affectation of theirs flattened all their converſation, took off the force of every expreſſion, and incapacitated a female audience from giving attention to any thing they ſaid. While the man of dreſs catches their eyes as well as ears, and every ludicrous turn obtains a laugh of applauſe by way of compliment.

I ſhall lay it down as an eſtabliſhed maxim, which hath been received in all ages, that no perſon can dreſs without a genius.

A genius is never to be acquired by art, but is the gift of nature; it may be diſcovered even in infancy. Little maſter will ſmile when you ſhake his plume of feathers before him, and thruſt his little knuckles in papa's full bottom; miſs will toy with her mother's Mechlin lace, and gaze on the gaudy colours of a fan; ſhe ſmacks her lips for a kiſs at the appearance of a gentleman in embroidery, and is frighted at the indecency of the houſe-maid's blue apron: as ſhe grows up, the dreſs of her baby begins to be her care, and you will ſee a genteel fancy open itſelf in the ornaments of the little machine.

We have a kind of Sketch of Dreſs, if I may ſo call it, among us, which, as the invention was foreign, is called a Diſhabille: every thing is thrown on with a looſe and careleſs air, yet a genius diſcovers itſelf even through this negligence of dreſs, juſt as you may ſee the maſterly hand

hand of a painter in three or four ſwift ſtrokes of t pencil.

The moſt fruitful in Genius is the French nation; w owe moſt of our janty faſhions now in vogue to ſom adept beau among them. Their ladies exert the who ſcope of their fancies upon every new petticoat; ever head-dreſs undergoes a change; and not a lady of geni will appear in the ſame ſhape two days together; ſo tha we may impute the ſcarcity of geniuses in our climate t the ſtagnation of faſhions.

The ladies among us have a ſuperior genius to th men, which hath for ſome years paſt ſhot out in ſevera exorbitant inventions for the greater conſumption of ou manufacture. While the men have contented themſelve with the retrenchment of the hat, or the various ſcallop of the pocket, the ladies have ſunk the head-dreſs, in cloſed themſelves in the circumference of the hoop-petti coat; furbelows and flounces have been diſpoſed of at will, the ſtays have been lowered behind, for the better diſplaying the beauties of the neck; not to mention the various rolling of the ſleeve, and thoſe other nice cir cumſtances of dreſs upon which every lady employs her fancy at pleaſure.

The ſciences of Poetry and Dreſs have ſo near an alli ance to each other, that the rules of the one, with very little variation may ſerve for the other.

As in a poem all the ſeveral parts of it muſt have a harmony with the whole; ſo, to keep the propriety of

dreſs

reſs, the coat, waiſtcoat and breeches muſt be of the me piece.

As *Ariſtotle* obliges all dramatic writers to a ſtrict obrvance of Time, Place and Action, in order to comſe a juſt work of this kind of poety; ſo it is abſolutely ceſſary for a perſon that applies himſelf to the ſtudy dreſs, to have a ſtrict regard to theſe three particurs.

To begin with the Time. What is more abſurd than velvet gown in ſummer? and what more agreeable the winter? the muff and fur are prepoſterous in June, hich are charmingly ſupplied by the Turkey handkerief and the fan. Every thing muſt be ſuitable to the aſon, and there can be no propriety in dreſs without a rict regard to time.

You muſt have no leſs reſpect to Place. What gives lady a more eaſy air than the wrapping gown in the orning at the tea-table? the Bath countenances the en of dreſs in ſhowing themſelves at the pump in their dian night-gowns, without the leaſt indecorum.

Action is what gives the ſpirit both to writing and reſs. Nothing appears graceful without Action: the ad, the arms, the legs, muſt all conſpire to give a bit a genteel air. What diſtinguiſhes the air of a urt from that of the country but Action? a lady by careleſs toſs of her head will ſhew a ſet of ribbons to vantage; by a pinch of ſnuff judiciouſly taken will ſplay the glittering ornament of her little finger; by the

the new modelling her tucker, at one view preſent you with a fine turned hand, and a riſing boſom. In order to be a proficient in Action, I cannot ſufficiently recommend the ſcience of Dancing: this will give the feet an eaſy gait, and the arms a gracefulneſs of motion. If a perſon have not a ſtrict regard to theſe three abovementioned rules of antiquity, the richeſt dreſs will appear ſtiff and affected, and the moſt gay habit fantaſtical and tawdry.

As different ſorts of poetry require a different ſtyle; the Elegy tender and mournful; the Ode gay and ſprightly; the Epic ſublime, &c. So muſt the widow confeſs her grief in the veil; the bride frequently makes her joy and exultation conſpicuous in the ſilver brocade; and the plume and the ſcarlet dye is requiſite to give the ſoldier a martial air. There is another kind of occaſional dreſs in uſe among the ladies, I mean the riding habit, which ſome have not injudiciouſly ſtyled the Hermaphroditical, by reaſon of its maſculine and feminine compoſition; but I ſhall rather chuſe to call it the Pindaric, as its firſt inſtitution was at a New-market horſe-race, and as it is a mixture of the ſublimity of the Epic with the eaſy ſoftneſs of the ode.

There ſometimes ariſes a great genius in dreſs, who cannot content himſelf with merely copying from others; but will as he ſees occaſion, ſtrike out into the long pocket, ſlaſhed ſleeve, or ſomething particular in the diſpoſition of his lace, or the flouriſh of his embroidery. Such a perſon

a perſon like the maſters of other ſciences, will ſhew that he hath a manner of his own.

On the contrary, there are ſome pretenders to dreſs who ſhine out but by halves; whether it be for want of genius or money. A Dancing-Maſter of the loweſt rank ſeldom fails of the ſcarlet ſtocking and the red heel; and ſhews a particular reſpect to the Leg and Foot, to which he owes his ſubſtance: when at the ſame time perhaps all the ſuperior ornament of his body is neglected. We may ſay of theſe ſort of dreſſers what *Horace* ſays of his Patch-work poets,

Purpureus latè qui ſplendeat unus & alter
Aſſuitur pannus ———

Ars Poet. v. 15.

———*A few florid lines*
Shine thro' th' inſipid dulneſs of the reſt.

ROSCOMMON.

Others who lay the ſtreſs of beauty in their face, exert all their extravagance in the periwig, which is a kind of index of the mind; the full-bottom formally combed all before, denotes the lawyer and the politician; the ſmart tye-wig with the black ribbon ſhews a man of fierceneſs of temper; and he that burdens himſelf with a ſuperfluity of white hair which flows down the back, and mantles in waving curles over the ſhoulders, is generally obſerved to be leſs curious in the furniture of the inward

receſſes of the ſkull, and lays himſelf open to the application of that cenſure which *Milton* applies to the fair ſex.

——— *of outward form*
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dreſs by a well-fancied ſuit of knots, as a judicious writer gives ſpirit to a whole ſentence by a ſingle expreſſion. As words grow old, and new ones enrich the language, ſo there is a conſtant ſucceſſion of dreſs; the fringe ſucceeds the lace, the ſtays ſhorten or extend the waſte, the ribbon undergoes divers variations, the head-dreſs receives frequent riſes and falls every year; and in ſhort, the whole woman throughout, as curious obſervers of dreſs have remarked, is changed from top to toe in the period of five years. A poet will now and then, to ſerve his purpoſe, coin a word, ſo will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the faſhion; but as *Horace* adviſes, that all new-minted words ſhould have a *Greek* derivation to give them an indiſputable authority, ſo I would counſel all our improvers of faſhion always to take the hint from *France*, which may as properly be called the Fountain of Dreſs, as *Greece* was of literature.

Dreſs may bear a parallel to poetry with reſpect to moving the paſſions. The greateſt motive to Love, as daily experience ſhews us, is Dreſs. I have known a lady at ſight fly to a red feather, and readily give her

her hand to a fringed pair of gloves. At another time I have ſeen the aukward appearance of her rural humble ſervant move her Indignation; ſhe is jealous every time her rival hath a new ſuit; and in a Rage when her woman pins her mantua to diſadvantage. Unhappy, unguarded woman! alas! what moving rhetoric has ſhe often found in the ſeducing full-bottom? who can tell the reſiſtleſs eloquence of the embroidered coat, the gold ſnuff-box, and the amber-headed cane.

I ſhall conclude theſe criticiſms with ſome general remarks upon the Millener, the Mantua-maker, and the Lady's Woman, theſe being the three chief on which all the circumſtances of dreſs depend.

The Millener muſt be thoroughly verſed in phyſiognomy; in the choice of ribbons ſhe muſt have a particular regard to the complexion, and muſt ever be mindful to cut the head-dreſs to the dimenſions of the face. When ſhe meets with a countenance of large diameter, ſhe muſt draw the dreſs forward to the face, and let the lace encroach a little upon the cheek, which caſts an agreeable ſhade, and takes off from its maſculine figure: the little oval face requires the diminutive commode, juſt on the tip of the crown of the head: ſhe muſt have a regard to the ſeveral ages of women; the head-dreſs muſt give the mother a more ſedate mien than the virgin; and age muſt not be made ridiculous with the flaunting airs of youth. There is a beauty that is peculiar to the ſeveral ſtages of life, and as much propriety muſt be obſerved in the dreſs of the old, as the young.

The Mantua-maker muſt be an expert anatomiſt; and muſt, if judiciouſly choſen, have a name of *French* termination; ſhe muſt know how to hide all the defects in the proportions of the body, and muſt be able to mould the ſhape by the ſtays, ſo as to preſerve the inteſtines, that while ſhe corrects the body, ſhe may not interfere with the pleaſure of the palate.

The Lady's Woman muſt have all the qualities of a critic in poetry; as her dreſs, like the critic's learning, is at Second-hand, ſhe muſt, like him, have a ready talent at Cenſure, and her tongue muſt be deeply verſed in detraction; ſhe muſt be ſure to aſperſe the characters of the ladies of moſt eminent virtue and beauty, to indulge her lady's ſpleen: and as it hath been remarked, that critics are the moſt fawning ſycophants to their patrons, ſo muſt our female critic be a thorough proficient in flattery: ſhe muſt add ſprightlineſs to her lady's air by encouraging her vanity, give gracefulneſs to her ſtep by cheriſhing her pride, and make her ſhew a haughty contempt of her admirers, by enumerating her imaginary conqueſts. As a critic muſt ſtock his memory with the names of all the authors of note, ſhe muſt be no leſs ready in the recital of the beaus and pretty fellows in vogue; like the male critic, ſhe aſſerts, that the theory of any ſcience is above the practice, and that it is not neceſſary to be able to ſet her own perſon off to advantage, in order to be a judge of the dreſs of others; and beſides all thoſe qualifications, ſhe muſt be endued

endued with the gift of ſecrecy, a talent very rarely to be met with in her profeſſion.

By what I have ſaid, I believe my reader will be convinced, that notwithſtanding the many pretenders, the perfection of dreſs cannot be attained without a genius; and I ſhall venture boldly to affirm, that in all arts and ſciences whatever, Epic Poetry excepted, (of which I formerly ſhewed the Knack or Mechaniſm) a genius is abſolutely neceſſary.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE eagerneſs with which at preſent the fugitive pieces of late eminent writers are ſought after, in order to reſcue them from undeſerved oblivion, and the kind reception ſuch pieces generally meet with from the public, render it ſomewhat ſurpriſing that many of the performances of an author ſo much eſteemed as Mr. Gay, ſhould be almoſt loſt to memory, and but rarely to be found even in the beſt furniſhed libraries.

It was this conſideration that urged the Compiler of theſe ſheets, to collect and digeſt into order, ſuch pieces of that celebrated writer, and ſend them forth into the world at a time when it was not without difficulty

difficulty that many of them were procured, and when ſome of them were on the point of being totally loſt to the public. He ſaw with concern, the careleſſneſs of thoſe Editors who put out incomplete editions of Mr. Gay's works, and attempted to paſs them for the whole, either from mere ignorance in not knowing better, or from indolence in not ſearching for thoſe other works with which we here preſent our readers. He conceived that ſo valuable an addition to that author's works would be well received by the candid and judicious, and therefore ſet about collecting them, and neither ſpared coſt or pains till he had completed the undertaking, and digeſted into the form it now wears, whereby it is rendered a fit companion to the reſt of Gay's miſcellaneous performances, as it is abſolutely neceſſary to complete the works of that author.

That gentleman at the time of his death had left no perfect edition of his Works; the quarto volume publiſhed in the year 1720, being

being far from compriſing every piece he had then written. When he died his papers fell into the hands of his patron, the Duke of Queensbury; but though his friend Pope, on the recommendation of Dean Swift, * ſeems to have been deſirous of ſuperintending an edition of his works; yet from ſome preventing cauſe or other, it is certain that this ſcheme of his was never executed.

Since that time, a collection of his plays has been given to the public that was undoubtedly rendered imperfect by the omiſſion of the ſeveral dramatic pieces contained in this volume, which though they were not ſo favourably received as the others, (on account perhaps of party and perſonal prejudice) yet are not from thence to be concluded deſtitute of merit, and as they are certainly his productions, had conſequently a right to be inſerted in his works.

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* See Pope's works, vol. ix. Letters, 63, 64, 65.

Of

ADVERTISEMENT.

Of all theſe plays, there is not one but what was moſt certainly Mr. Gay's, through an incorrect publication called *A Supplement to* Pope's *Works*, aſcribes the *Three Hours after Marriage* to the latter; notwithſtanding Mr. Gay declares that he had the aſſiſtance of two friends, he always acknowledged the piece for his own. The two friends he hinted at, were indeed Mr. Pope and Dr. Arbuthnot, who however never appeared, as the play was not theirs, and beſides, had not met with a favourable reception; all which appears by a letter of Mr. Gay's written to Mr. Pope which we have inſerted below, in order to put the matter out of diſpute, and to ſatisfy the curious reader. *

With

DEAR POPE,

" Too late I ſee, and confeſs myſelf miſtaken in " relation to the Comedy; yet I do not think, had " I followed your advice, and only introduced the " mummy,

ADVERTISEMENT.

With regard to the ſecond volume, it compriſes the poetical pieces of Mr. Gay not already inſerted in thoſe volumes that generally bear the title of his works. His tranſlations and other little pieces, are to be found

---

" mummy, that the abſence of the crocodile had ſaved
" it. I can't help laughing myſelf (tho' the vulgar
" do not conſider it was deſigned to look ridiculous)
" to think how the poor monſter and mummy were
" daſhed at their reception, and when the cry was
" loudeſt, I thought that if the thing had been writ-
" ten by another, I ſhould have deemed the town in
" ſome meaſure miſtaken, and as to your apprehen-
" ſion that this may do us future injury, do not think
" of it; the doctor has a more valuable name than can
" be hurt by any thing of this nature; and yours is
" doubly ſafe. I will, if any ſhame there be, take it
" all to myſelf, and indeed I ought, the motion be-
" ing firſt mine, and never heartily approved by you."

The prologue to this piece alone, ſeems to be the ſole work of Mr. Pope, the fifth and ſixth lines were afterwards inſerted in the Dunciad,

for

for the moſt part diſperſed in Garth's Ovid, and in Swift's Miſcellanies. As to the Poem called Wine, the Editor has already given his reaſons for inſerting it in a note at the bottom, and the Story of Cephiſa, the Elegiac Epiſtle to a Friend, the Man Mountain's Anſwer to the Liliputian Ode, and the Ballad on Ale are inſerted from no leſs authority. As the intruſion of Gondibert in this miſcellany, if the apology already offered for it be not thought ſufficient by the critics, nothing farther can be ſaid here to excuſe it, than to urge the good intention of the Compiler, and his repeated hopes that it may prove agreeable to the generality of his readers.

With reſpect to the arrangement of theſe pieces, it has been thought proper ſo to diſpoſe them, as that all the plays ſhould fill one volume, while the poetical and miſcellaneous poems complete the other. —— Our giving any account of the author himſelf is rendered unneceſſary by the ſeveral accounts already

ready given of that great writer from the beſt authorities ; and above all from his own anecdotes of himſelf in thoſe letters that paſſed between him and his friend Pope, almoſt in every body's hands, and together with his performances, ſufficiently mark his genius and diſpoſition.

Having thus given the public all the account neceſſary of this work, the Editor ſubmits the whole of the undertaking to their candour and impartiality, and as he pretends to no merit but ſuch as is derived from his attempt to preſerve theſe few pieces of the much admired Mr. Gay, and join them to the reſt of his works from which they have been moſt injudiciouſly ſeparated, ſo he expects no other praiſe than that which may be thought due to a faithful Compiler, to preſerve which character, is in this caſe, the extent of his hopes, and the very ſummit of his ambition.

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Page 27, *Line the laſt, for* Aleemena, *read* Alcmena.—*In the Story of* Cephisa, *Page* 63, *Line* 7, *for* words, *read* woods.—*Page* 66, *Line the laſt, for* Nor *read* For.—*Page* 135, *Line* 2, *for* muſt, *read* truſt.—*In the continuation of* Gondibert, *Page* 150, *Line* 8, *for* following, *read* follows.—*Page* 163, *Line* 4, *for* you, *read* yours. *Page* 168, *Line* 11, *for* And, *read* Who.—*Ibid, Line* 12, *for* When, *read* Whence.—*Page* 174, *Line* 5, *for* quit, *read* leave.—*Ibid, Line* 6, *for* follows, *read* follow.